

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, G. C. B.

At this exciting period in Indian history, when every despatch from England is full of the glorious exploits of the British soldiers, a brief history of the military life of Sir Colin Campbell, the man whom England has chosen in her hour of need to rescue her imperilled children from the grasp of the murderous sepoy, and to restore and secure the greatest appanage of the empire, may not be inappropriate in connection with the fine portrait which we are enabled to give our readers this week.

Many years ago a daughter of the haughty Campbells of Scotland shocked and scandalized her relations by choosing to unite herself in marriage with a humble citizen of Glasgow, of the same name. The old Scottish family refused to recognize the citizen and his wife, but the only child of this marriage was a son—Colin, the present Grand Commander of the Order of the Bath, Colonel of the Sixty-seventh Foot, Grand Officer of the Second Class of the Legion of Honor, Knight Grand Cross of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, and General Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in the East Indies!

At the early age of sixteen years young Campbell proceeded with his regiment to the Peninsula, where, soon afterward, he took part in the disastrous but glorious retreat of Sir John Moore, and subsequently in the desperate battle of Corunna. During the next several years he distinguished himself in the Spanish service.

In the terrible action of San Sebastian, under the Duke of Wellington, Lieutenant Campbell's name is mentioned with distinction, and his valor on this occasion won for him a captaincy (Nov. 9th, 1813).

During all the brilliant incidents of English warfare which followed for many years, the name of Campbell frequently occurs; promotions succeeded one another rapidly, and in 1842 we find Colonel Campbell in China, and at the capture of Chinkianfow. In 1848-9, during the second Sikh war, he was in command of a division of the army of the Punjab, which served under him in the whole of that fierce campaign. He was at the battle of Ramnugger, the passage of the Chenab, and the combat of Savoolapore, and Chillianwallah. At the latter battle, being completely surrounded by an overwhelming force, he repulsed it by wheeling companies in all directions. After overthrowing all opposition, and spiking many guns which had previously been devastating the English ranks, the gallant corps set left shoulders forward, and retook the guns, from which an infantry regiment (the 24th) had been summarily expelled. In performing this desperate service our

commander was wounded a fourth time while in the act of cutting down a Khalsa gunner, who clung with desperate resolution to his piece. This vigorous charge was not alone an act of hardihood, like some which we have previously recorded as distinguishing Colin Campbell in the Peninsula, but one of those movements of consummate generalship which oftentimes save a battle. The whole English army was suffering frightfully from

the cannonade of the Sikhs, was entangled in a jungle and watercourse, through which one regiment had already taken flight. This charge saved the day, and was pronounced by the Duke of Wellington to be one of the most brilliant military exploits of the age.

After several years of eventful service, some dispute with the civil agents of the Indian Government impelled Campbell, now

Sir Colin, to throw up his honorable and valuable appointments, and return to England in disgust. There he remained until 1854, when, the Russian war breaking out, many voices at home called for the appointment of a general who had distinguished himself by such a brilliant career. He proceeded to the Crimea, as Major-General of the Highland Brigade, and at the battle of Alma his gallant advance, in which the Highlanders and Coldstream Guards strove which should first obtain possession of the redoubts, mainly contributed to the victory. It was here that he uttered the inspiring words, "Highlanders never retire!" and after the engagement he was thanked most warmly by his old companion-in-arms, Lord Raglan, for his part in the action.

While in England, Sir Colin was invited by the citizens of Glasgow, his native place, to become their representative in Parliament. He declined this honor with soldierlike frankness, saying that arms alone had been the study of his life. Soon after, the Highlanders of Glasgow presented him with a magnificent drinking cup of gold, to which the rest of the citizens added a splendid sword of honor, with fitting inscription.

This is a short sketch of the life the soldier who has now served his country for fifty years, in every climate and in all perils. His brilliant list of titles we have already given; of those honors which are not titles, Sir Colin Campbell possesses the war medal with five clasps, the Chinese medal, the Punjab medal with two clasps, and the Crimean medal with four clasps.

In personal appearance Sir Colin Campbell is eminently a Scotchman. He is little above the medium height, with an erect, warlike figure, and a military carriage. His face is furrowed by deep wrinkles; a profusion of thick short curls, sprinkled with gray, covers his head, and a heavy moustache shadows his upper lip. He looks every inch a soldier. The vast reinforcements sent out by England have long since reached India, and we may expect to hear in a few weeks of some brilliant and decisive movement on the offensive, by the gallant Commander-in-Chief of all her Majesty's forces in India.



SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, G. C. B., COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN INDIA.

SONO.

I GENTLY raised her drooping head;
Upon her cheek so frail
The lily blushing rosy-red,
The red rose lily-pale.

Till hope no more could fall and rise
Through fears I could not quell,
Unheeded on her lips and eyes
My passionate kisses fell.

They tore me from her where she lay
Still in her angel-sleep;
Vain all the wild prayers I might pray,
The tears my heart might weep.

They laid her softly to her rest;
The happiest daisies grow
Upon the grass that held her breast,
Beneath the churchyard yew.

And now above her lonely bed
Bend to the low winds' wail
The lily blushing rosy-red,
The red rose lily-pale.

DAVENPORT DUNN:
A MAN OF OUR DAY.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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LOBBEQUER," ETC., ETC.Published exclusively in these columns, from advance sheets,
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CHAPTER XX.—AN EVENING WITH GROG DAVIS.

It was late at night, and Grog Davis sat alone by a solitary candle in his dreary room. The fire had long burned out, and great pools of wet, driven by the beating rain through the rickety sashes, soaked the ragged carpet that covered the floor, while frequent gusts of storm scattered the slates, and shook the foundation of the frail building.

To all seeming, he paid little attention to the poor and comfortless features of the spot. A short square bottle of Hollands, and a paper of coarse cigars beside him, seemed to offer sufficient defence against such cares, while he gave up his mind to some intricate problem which he was working out with a pack of cards. He dealt, and shuffled, and dealt again, with marvellous rapidity. There was that in each motion of the wrist, in every movement of the finger, that bespoke practised manipulation, and a glance quick as lightning on the board was enough to show him how the game fared.

"Passed twelve times," muttered he to himself, then added aloud, "Make your game, gentlemen, make your game. The game is made. Red, thirty-two. Now for it, Grog, man or a mouse, my boy. Mouse it is! by —," cried he, with an infamous oath. "Red wins! Confound the cards!" cried he, dashing them on the floor. "Two minutes ago I had enough to live on the rest of my days. I appeal to any man in the room," said he, with a look of peculiar defiance around him, "if he ever saw such ill luck! There's not another fellow breathing ever got it like me!" And as he spoke, he arose and walked up and down the chamber, frowning savagely, and turning glances of insolent meaning on every side of him. At last, approaching the table, he filled out a glass of gin and drank it off, and then, stooping down, he gathered up the cards and reseated himself. "Take you fifty on the first ace," cried he, addressing an imaginary better, while he began to deal out the cards in two separate heaps. "Won!" exclaimed he, delightedly. "Go you double or quits, sir—any gentleman with another fifty?—A pony if you like, sir?—Done! Won again, by jingo! This is the only game, after all—decided in a second. I make the bank, gentlemen, two hundred in the bank. Why, where are the betters, this evening? This is only punting, gentlemen. Any one say five hundred—four—three—one hundred—for the first knave?" And the cards fell from his hands with wondrous rapidity. "Now, if no one is inclined to play, let's have a broiled bone," said he, rising, and bowing courteously around him.

"Second the motion!" cried a cheery voice, as the door opened and Annesley Beecher entered. "Why, Grog, my hearty, I thought you had a regular flock of pigeons here. I heard you talking as I came up the stairs, and fancied you were doing a smart stroke of work."

"What robbery have you been at with that white choker and that gimcrack waistcoat?" said Davis, sulkily.

"Dining with Dunn, and a capital dinner he gave me. I'm puzzled to say whether I like his wine or his cookery best."

"Where there many there?"

"None but ourselves."

"Lord! how he must have worked you!" cried Davis, with an insolent grin.

"Ain't such a flat as you think me, Master Grog. Solomon was a wise man, and Samson a strong one, and A. B. can hold his own with most 'in the ruck.'"

A most contemptuous look was the only answer Davis condescended to this speech. At last, after he had lighted a fresh cigar, and puffed it into full work, he said, "Well, what was it he had to say to you?"

"Oh, we talked away of everything; and, by Jupiter! he knows a little of everything. Such a memory, too; remembers every fellow that was in power the last fifty years, and can tell you how he was 'squared,' for it's all on the 'cross' with them, Grog, just as in the ring. Every fellow rides to order, and half the running one sees is no race! Any hot water to be had?"

"No, there's cold in that jug yonder. Well, go on with Dunn."

"He is very agreeable, I must say; for, besides having met everybody, he knows all their secret history. How this one got out of his scrape, and how that one went into the hole. You see in a moment how much he must be trusted, and that he can make his book on life as safe as the Bank of England. Fearfully strong that gin is!"

"No, it ain't," said Grog, rudely; "it's not the velvet tippie Dunn gave you, but it's good British gin, that's what it is."

"You wouldn't believe, too, how much he knows about women! He's up to everything that's going on in town. Very strange that, for a fellow like him. Don't you think so?"

Davis made no answer, but puffed away slowly. "And after women, what came next?"

"He talked next—let me see—about books. How he likes Becky Sharp—how he enjoys her! He says that character will do the same service as the published discovery of some popular fraud; and that the whole race of Beckys now are detected swindlers—nothing less."

"And if they are; is that going to prevent their cheating? Hasn't the world always its crop of flats coming out in succession like green peas? What did he turn to after that?"

"Then we had a little about the turf."

"He don't know anything about the turf!" said Grog, with intense contempt.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Beecher, cautiously.

"Did he speak of me at all?" said Grog, with a peculiar grin.

"No; only to ask if you were the same Captain Davis that was mentioned in that affair at Brighton."

"And what did you say?"

"Said! Not knowing couldn't tell, Master Grog. Knew you were a great friend of my brother Lackington's, and always hand in glove with Blanchard and the swells."

"And how did he take that?"

"Said something about two of the same name, and changed the subject."

Davis drew near the table, and taking up the cards began to shuffle them slowly, like one seeking some excuse for a moment of uninterupted reflection. "I've found out the way that Yankee fellow does the king," said he, at last. "It's not the common bridge that everybody knows. It's a Mississippi touch, and a very neat one. Cut them now wherever you like."

Beecher cut the cards with all due care, and leaned eagerly over the table.

"King of diamonds!" cried Grog, slapping the card on the board.

"Do it again," said Beecher, admiringly; and once more Davis performed the dexterous feat.

"It's a nick!" cried Beecher, examining the edge of the card minutely.

"It ain't no such thing!" said Davis, angrily. "I'd give you ten years to find it out, and twenty to do it, and you'll fail in both."

"Let's see the dodge, Grog," said Beecher, half-coaxingly.

"You don't see my hand till you put yours on the table," said Davis, fiercely. Then crossing his arms before him, and fixing his red fiery eyes on Beecher's face, he went on. "What do you mean by this fencing—just tell me what you mean by it?"

"I don't understand you," said Beecher, whose features were now of ashy paleness.

"Then you shall understand me!" cried Davis, with an oath. "Do you want me to believe that Dunn had you to dine with him, all alone—just to talk about politics of which you know nothing, or books of which you know less. That he'd give you four precious hours of a Sunday evening to hear your opinions about men, or women, or things in general. Do you ask me to swallow that, sir?"

"I ask you to swallow nothing," stammered out Beecher, in whose heart pride and fear were struggling for the mastery. "I have told you what we spoke of; if anything else passed between us, perhaps it was of a private and personal nature; perhaps it referred to family topics; perhaps I might have given a solemn assurance not to reveal the subject of it to any one."

"You did—did you?" said Davis, with a sneer.

"I said, perhaps I might have done so. I didn't say I had."

"And so you think—you fancy—that you're going to double on me," said Davis, rising, and advancing towards him with a sort of insulting menace. "Now, look here, my name ain't Davis, but if you ever try it—try it, I say, because as to doing it, I dare you to your face—but if you just try it, twelve hours won't pass over till the dock of a police-court is graced by the Honorable Annesley Beecher on a charge of forgery."

"Oh, Davis!" cried Beecher, as he placed his hands over the other's lips, and glanced in terror through the room. "There never was anything I didn't tell you—you're the only man breathing that knows me."

"And I do know you, by Heaven, I do!" exclaimed the other, savagely; "and I know you'd sneak out of my hands to-morrow, if you dared; but this I tell you, when you leave mine it will be to exchange into the turnkeys'. You fancy that because I see you are a fool that I don't suspect you to be a crafty one. Ah! what a mistake you make there!"

"But listen to me, Grog—just hear me."

"My name's Davis, sir—Captain Davis—let me hear you call me anything else!"

"Well, Davis, old fellow—the best and truest friend ever fellow had in the world—now what's all this about? I'll tell you every syllable that passed between Dunn and myself. I'll give you my oath, as solemnly as you can dictate it to me, not to conceal one word. He made me swear never to mention it. It was he that imposed the condition on me. What he said was this: 'It's a case where you need no counsel, and where any counsel would be dangerous. He who once knows your secret will be in a position to dictate to you. Lord Lackington must be your only adviser, since his peril is the same as your own.'"

"Go on," said Davis, sternly, as the other seemed to pause too long.

Beecher drew a long breath, and, in a voice faint and broken, continued: "It's a claimant to the title—a fellow who pretends he derives from the elder branch—the Conway Beechers. All stuff and nonsense—they were extinct two hundred years ago—but no matter, the claim is there, and so circumstantially got up, and so backed by documents and the rest of it, that Lackington is frightened—frightened out of his wits. The mere exposure, the very rumor of the thing, would distract him. He's proud as Lucifer—and then he's hard up; besides, he wants a loan, and Dunn tells him there's no getting it till this affair is disposed of, and that he has hit on the way to do it."

"As how?" said Davis, drily.

"Well," resumed Beecher, whose utterance grew weaker and less audible at every word, "Lackington, you know, has no children. It's very unlikely he ever will now; and Dunn's advice is, that for a life interest in the title and estates I should bind myself not to marry. That fellow then, if he can make good his claim, comes in as next of kin after me; and as to who or what comes after me," cried he, with more energy, "it matters devilish little. Once 'toes up,' and Annesley Beecher won't fret over the next match that comes off—eh Grog, old fellow!" And he endeavored by a forced jocularity to encourage his own sinking heart.

"Here's a shindy!" said Grog, as he mixed himself a fresh tumbler and laid his arms crosswise on the table; "and so it's no less than the whole stakes is on this match?"

"Title and all," chimed in Beecher.

"I wasn't thinking of the title," said Grog, gruffly, as he relapsed into a moody silence. "Now, what does my lord say to it all?" asked he, after a long pause.

"Lackington?—Lackington says nothing, or next to nothing. You read the passage in his letter where he says, 'Call on Dunn,' or 'speak to Dunn,' or something like that—he didn't even explain about what; and then you may remember the foolish figure we cut on that morning we waited on Dunn ourselves, not being able to say why or how we were there."

"I remember nothing about cutting a foolish figure anywhere, or any time. It's not very much my habit. It ain't my way of business."

"Well, I can't say as much," said Beecher, laughing; "and I own frankly I never felt less at ease in my life."

"That's your way of business," said Grog, nodding gravely at him.

"Every fellow isn't born as sharp as you, Davis. Samson was a wise man—no, Solomon was a wise man—"

"Leave Samson and Solomon where they are," said Grog, puffing his cigar. "What we have to look to here, is, whether there be a claim at all, and then what's its worth. The whole affair may be just a cross between this fellow Dunn and one of his own pals. Now it's my lord's business to see to that. You are only the second horse all this while. If my lord knows that he can be disqualified, he's wide awake enough to square the match, he is. But it may be that Dunn hasn't put the thing fairly before him. Well, then, you must compare your book with my lord's. You'll have to go over to him, Beecher. And the last words were uttered with a solemnity that showed they were the result of a deep deliberation."

"It's all very well, Master Davis, to talk of going over to Italy; but where's the tin to come from?"

"It must be had somehow," said Davis, sententiously. "Ain't there any fellows about would give you a name to a bit of stiff, at thirty-one days' date?"

"Pumped them all dry long ago!" said Beecher, laughing.

"There's not a man in the garrison would join me to spoil a strop; and, as to the civilians, I scarcely know one who isn't a creditor already."

"You are always talking to me of a fellow called Kellett—why not have a shy at him?"

"Poor Paul!" cried Beecher, with a hearty laugh. "Why, Paul Kellett's ruined—cleaned out—sold in the Encumbered what-d'ye-call-'ems, and hasn't a cross in the world!"

"I ought to have guessed as much," growled out Grog, "or he'd not have been on such friendly terms with you."

"A polite speech that, Grog," said Beecher, smiling.

"It's true, and that's better," said Davis. "The only fellows that stick close to a man in his poverty are those a little poorer than himself."

"Not but if he had it," said Beecher, following up his own thoughts—"not but if he had it, he's just the fellow to do a right good-natured thing."

"Well, I suppose he's got his name—they hav'nt sold that, have they?"

"No; but it's very much like the estate," said Beecher; "it's far too heavily charged ever to pay off the encumbrances."

"Who minds that now-a-days? A bad bill is a very useful thing sometimes. It's like a gun warranted to burst, and you can always manage to have it in the 'right man's' hands when it comes the time for the explosion."

"You are a rum 'un, Davis—you are indeed," said Beecher, admiringly; for it was in the delivery of such wise maxims that Davis appeared to him truly great.

"Get him down for fifty—that ain't much—fifty at three months."

My lord says he'll stand fifty himself, in that letter I read. It was to help you to a match, to be sure; but that don't matter. There can be no question of marrying now. Let me see how this affair is going to turn. Well, I'll see if I can't do something myself. I've a precious lot of stamped paper there"—and he pointed to an old secretary—"if I could hit upon a sharp fellow to work it."

"You are a trump, Grog!" cried Beecher, delightedly.

"If we had a clear two hundred we could start to-morrow," said Grog, laying down his cigar, and staring steadfastly at him.

"Why, would you come too?" muttered Beecher, who had never so much as imagined the possibility of this companionship on the Continent.

"I expect I would," said Davis, with a very peculiar grin. "It ain't likely you'd manage an affair like this without advice."

"Very true—very true," said Beecher, hurriedly. "But remember Lackington is my brother—we're both in the same boat."

"But not with the same skulls," said Grog. And he grinned a savage grin at the success of his pun.

Beecher, however, so far from appreciating the wit, only understood the remark as a sneer at his intelligence, and half sulkily said,

"Oh! I'm quite accustomed to that now—I don't mind it."

"That's right—keep your temper," said Grog, calmly; "that's the best thing in your book. You're what they call good-tempered. And," added he, in the moralising tone, "though the world does take liberties with the good-tempered fellows, it shies them many a stray favor—many a sly five-pun-note into the bargain. I've known fellows go through life—and make a rare good thing of it, too—with no other stock-in-trade than this same good temper."

Beecher did not pay his habitual attention to Grog's words, but sat pondering over all the possible and impossible objections to a tour in such company. There were times and places where men might be seen talking to such a man as Davis. The betting-ring and the weighing-stand have their privileges, just like the green-room or the "flats," but in neither case are the intimacies of such localities exactly of a kind for parade before the world. Of all the perils of such a course none knew better than Beecher. What society would think—what clubs would say of it—he could picture to his mind at once.

Now, there were very few of life's casualties of which the Honorable Annesley Beecher had not tasted. He knew what it was to have his bills protested, his chattels seized, his person arrested; he had been browbeaten by Bankruptcy Commissioners, and bullied by sheriffs' officers; tradesmen had refused him credit; tailors abjured his custom; he had "burned his fingers" in one or two not very creditable transactions; but still, with all this, there was yet one depth to which he had not descended—he was never seen in public with "a wrong man." He had a jerk of the head, a wink, or a glance for the Leg who met him in Piccadilly, as every one else had. If he saw him in the garden of the Star and Garter, or the Park at Greenwich, he might even condescend to banter him on "looking jolly," and ask what new "robbery" he was in for; but as to descending to intimacy or companionship openly before the gaze of the world, he'd as soon have thought of playing dad to a 'bus, or sweep at a crossing.

It was true the Continent was not Hyde Park—the most straight-laced and well-conducted did fifty things there, they had never ventured on at home. Foreign travel had its license, and a passport was a sort of plenary indulgence for many a social transgression; but, with all this, there were a few names—about half a dozen in all Europe—that no man could afford to link his own along with.

As for Grog, he was known everywhere. From Ostend to Odessa his fame extended, and there was scarcely a police prefect in the travelled districts of the Continent who had not a description of his person, and some secret instructions respecting him. From many of the smaller states, whose vigilance is in the ratio of their littleness, he was rigidly excluded; so that in his journeying through Europe, he was often reduced to a zig-zag and erratic procedure, not unlike the game known to schoolboys as scotch-hop. In the ten minutes—it was not more—that Beecher passed in recalling these and like facts to his memory, his mind grew more and more perplexed; nor was the embarrassment unperceived by him who caused it. As Davis sipped and smoked, he stole frequent glances at his companion's face, and strove to read what was passing in his mind. "It may be," thought Grog, "he doesn't see his way to raising the money. It may be that his credit is lower in the market than I fancied; or"—and now his fiery eyes grew fiercer and his lip more tense—"or it may be that he doesn't fancy my company. If I was only sure it was that," muttered he between his teeth; and had Annesley Beecher only chanced to look at him as he said it, the expression of that face would have left a legacy of fear behind it for many a day.

"Help yourself," said Grog, passing the bottle across the table, "help yourself, and the gin will help you, for I see you are 'pounded.'"

"Pounded? no, not a bit; nothing of the kind," said Beecher, blushing. "I was thinking how Lackington would take all this; what my lady would say to it; whether they'd regard it seriously; or whether they'd laugh at my coming out so far about nothing."

"They'll not laugh, depend on't; take my word for it, they won't laugh," said Davis, drily.

"Well, but if it all comes to nothing—if it be only a plant to extort money?"

"Even that ain't anything to laugh at," said Davis. "I've done a little that way myself, and yet I never saw the fellow who was amused by it."

"So that you really think I ought to go out and see my brother?"

"I'm sure and certain that we must go," said Davis, just giving the very faintest emphasis to the "we."

"But it will cost a pot of money, Grog, even though I should travel in the cheapest way—I mean, the cheapest way possible for a fellow as well known as I am."

This was a bold stroke; it was meant to imply far more than the mere words announced. It was intended to express a very complicated argument in a mere innuendo.

"That's all gammon," said Grog, rudely. "We don't live in an age of couriers and extra-post; every man travels by rail now-a-days, and nobody cares whether you take a coupé or a horse-box; and as to being known, so am I, and almost as well known as most fellows going."

This was pretty plain speaking; and Beecher well knew that Davis's frankness was always on the verge of the only one thing that was worse than frankness.

"After all," said Beecher, after a pause, "let their journey be ever so necessary, I haven't got the money."

"I know you haven't, neither have I; but we shall get it somehow. You'll have to try Kellett; you'll have to try Dunn himself, perhaps. I don't see why you shouldn't start with him; he knows that you ought to confer with my lord; and he could scarce refuse your note at three months, if you made it—say—fifty."

"But, Grog," said Beecher, laying down his cigar, and nerving himself for a great effort of cool courage, "what would suffice fairly enough for one, would be a very sorry allowance for two; and as the whole of my business will be with my own brother, where of necessity I must be alone with him—don't you agree with me that a third person would only embarrass matters rather than advance them?"

"No!" said Grog, sternly, while he puffed his cigar in measured time.

"I'm speaking," said Beecher, in a tone of apology—"I'm speaking, remember, from my knowledge of Lackington; he's very high and very proud; one of those fellows who 'take on' even with their equals; and with myself, he never forgets to let me feel I'm a younger brother."

"He wouldn't take any airs with me," said Grog, insolently. And Beecher grew actually sick at the bare thought of such a meeting.

"I tell you frankly, Davis," said he, with the daring of despair. "It wouldn't do. It would spoil all. First and foremost, Lackington would never forgive me for having confided this secret to any one. He'd say, and not unfairly either, 'What has Davis to do with this? It's not the kind of case he is accustomed to deal with; his counsel couldn't possibly be essential here.' He doesn't know," added he, rapidly, "your consummate knowledge of the world; he hasn't seen, as I have, how keenly you read every fellow that comes before you."

"We start on Monday," said Grog, abruptly, as he threw the end of his cigar into the fire; "so stir yourself, and see about the bills."

Beecher arose and walked the room with hurried strides, his brow growing darker and his face more menacing at every moment.

"Look here, Davis," cried he, turning suddenly round and facing the other, "you assume to treat me as if I was a schoolboy;" and it was evident that he had intended a stronger word, but had not courage to utter it, for Davis's wicked eyes were upon him, and a bitter grin of irony was already on Grog's mouth as he said,

"Did you ever try a round with me without getting the worst of it? Do you remember any time where you came well out of it? You've been mauled once or twice somewhat roughly, but with the gloves on, always with the gloves on. Now, take my advice, and don't drive me to take them off—don't! You never felt my knuckles yet—and, by the Lord Harry, if you had, you'd not call out 'encore.'"

"You just want to bully me," said Beecher, in a whimpering tone.

"Bully you—bully you!" said Davis, and his features put on a look of the most intense scorn as he spoke. "Egad!" cried he, with an insolent laugh, "you know very little about either of us."

"I'd rather you'd do your worst at once than keep threatening me in this fashion."

"No, you wouldn't; no—no—nothing of the kind," said Davis, with a mockery of gentleness in his voice and manner.

"May I be hanged if I would not!" cried Beecher, passionately.

"It ain't hanging now—they've made it transportation," said Davis, with a grin; "and them as has tried it says the old way was easiest." And in the slang style of the last words there was a terrible significance—it was as though a voice from the felon's dock was uttering a word of warning. Such was the effect on Beecher, that he sank slowly down into a seat, silent and powerless.

"If you hadn't been in this uncommon high style to-night," said Grog, quietly, "I'd have told you some excellent reasons for what I was advising. I got a letter from Spicer this morning. He and a foreign fellow he calls Count Lienastahl—it sounds devilish like 'lie and steal,' don't it?—have got a very pretty plant together, and if they could only chance upon a good second-rate horse, they reckon about eight or ten hundred in stakes alone this coming spring. They offer me a share if I could come out to them, and mean to open the campaign at Brussels. Now, there's a thing to suit us all—'picking for every one,' as they say in the cakumsheds."

"Cochin China might be had for five hundred; or there's Spotted Snake, they want to sell him for anything he'll bring," said Beecher, with animation.

"They could manage five hundred, at least, Spicer says. We're good for about twelve thousand francs, which ought to get us what we're looking for."

"There's Anchovy Paste—"

"Broke down before and behind."

"Hop the Twig, own sister to Levanter; ran second for the Colchester Cup—"

"Mares don't answer abroad."

"Well, what do you say to Mumps?"

"There's the horse for the continent. A great heavy-headed, thick-jawed beast, with lazy action, and capped heels. He's the animal to walk into a foreign jockey club. Oh, if we had him!"

"I know where he is!" exclaimed Beecher, in ecstasy. "There's a Brummagem fellow driving him through Wales—a bagman—and he takes him a turn now and then for any county stakes that offer. I'll lay my head on't we get him for fifty pounds."

"Come, old fellow," said Grog, encouragingly, "you have your wits about you, after all. Breakfast here to-morrow, about twelve o'clock, and we'll see if we can't arrange the whole affair. It's as sure a five hundred apiece as if we had it here," and he slapped his pockets as he spoke.

Beecher shook his friend's hand with a warmth that showed all his wonted cordiality, and with a hearty "Good night" they separated.

Grog had managed cleverly. He had done something by-terror, and the rest he had accomplished by temptation. They were the two only impulses to sway that strange temperament.

CHAPTER XXI.—"A DARK DAY."

It was the day appointed for the sale of Kellett's Court, and a considerable crowd was assembled to witness the proceeding. Property was rapidly changing hands; new names were springing up in every county, and old ones were growing obsolete. Had the tide of conquest and confiscation flowed over the land, a greater social revolution could not have resulted; and, while many were full of hope and confidence that a new prosperity was about to dawn upon Ireland, there were some who continued to deplore the extinction of the old names, and the exile of the old families, whose traditions were part of the history of the country.

Kellett's Court was one of those great mansions which the Irish gentlemen of a past age were so given to building, totally forgetting how great the disproportion was between their house and their rent-roll. Irregular, incongruous, and inelegant, it yet, by a very size and extent, possessed a certain air of grandeur. Eighty guests had sat down to table in that oak-wainscoted dinner-room; above a hundred had been accommodated with beds beneath that roof; the stables had stalls for every hunting-man that came; and the servants' hall was a great galleried chamber, like the refectory of a convent, in everything save the moderation of the fare.

Many were curious to know who would purchase an estate burdened by so costly a residence, the very maintenance of which in repair constituted a heavy annual outlay. The gardens, long neglected and forgotten, occupied three acres, and were themselves a source of immense expense; a considerable portion of the demesne was so purely ornamental that it yielded little or no profit; and, as an evidence of the tastes and habits of its former owners, the ruins of a stand-house marked out where races once were held in the park, while hurdle fences and deep drains even yet disfigured the swelling lawn.

Who was to buy such a property was the question none could answer. The house, indeed, might be converted into a "Union," if its locality suited; it was strong enough for a jail—it was roomy enough for a nunnery. Some averred the Government had decided on purchasing it for a barracks; others pretended that the sisterhood of the Sacred Heart had already made their bargain for it; yet to these and many other assertions not less confidently uttered there were as many demurrers.

While rumors and contradictions were still buzzed about, the Commissioner took his place on the bench, and the Clerk of the Court began that tedious recital of the circumstances of the estate with whose details all the interested were already familiar, and the mere curious cared not to listen to. An informality on a former day had interfered with the sale, a fact which the Commissioner alluded to with satisfaction, as property had risen largely in value in the interval, and he now hoped that the estate would not alone clear off all the charges against it, but realize something for its former owner. A confused murmur of conversation followed this announcement. Men talked in knots and groups—consulted maps and rent-rolls—made hasty calculations in pencil—whispered secretly together, muttering frequently the words "Griffith," "plantation measure," "drainage," and "copyhold," and then, in a half-hurried, half-weary way, the court asked, "Is there no bidding after twenty-seven thousand five hundred?"

"Twenty-eight!" said a deep voice near the door.

A long, dreary pause followed, and the sale was over.

"Twenty-eight thousand!" cried Lord Glengariff; "the house alone cost fifty."

"It's only the demesne, my lord," said some one near; "it's not the estate is sold."

"I know it, sir; but the demesne contains eight hundred acres, fully wooded, and enclosed by a wall. Who is it for, Dunn?" asked he, turning to that gentleman.

"In trust, my lord," was the reply.

"Of that I am aware, sir; you have said as much to the court."

Dunn bent over and whispered some words in his ear.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the other, with evident astonishment; "and intending to reside?" said he.

"Eventually, I expect so," said Dunn, cautiously, as others were now attending to the conversation.

Again Lord Glengariff spoke, but ere he had finished, a strange movement of confusion in the body of the court interrupted him, while a voice hoarse with passionate meaning cried out, "Is the robbery over? is it done?" and a large, powerful man, his face flushed, and his eyes glaring wildly, advanced through the crowd to the railing beneath the bench. His waistcoat was open, and he held his cravat in one hand, having torn it in the violence of his excitement.

"Who is this man?" asked the Commissioner sternly.

"I'll tell you who I am—Paul Kellett, of Kellett's Court, the owner of that house and estate you and your rascally miscreants have just stolen from me. Ay, stolen is the word—law or justice have nothing to do with it. Your Parliament made it law, to be sure, to pamper your Manchester upstarts who want to turn gentlemen—"

"Does any one know him? has he no friends who will look after him?" said the Commissioner, leaning over and addressing those beneath in a subdued voice.

"Devil a friend in the world! It's few friends stick to a man whose property comes here. But don't make me out mad. I'm in my full senses, though I had enough to turn fifty men to madness."

"I know him, my lord; with the permission of the court, I'll take charge of him," said Dunn, in a tone so low as to be audible only to a few. Kellett, however, was one of them, and he immediately cried out,

"Take charge of me! Ay, that he will. He took charge of the estate, too, and he'll do by me what he did with the property—give a bargain of me!"

A hearty burst of laughter filled the hall at this sally, for Dunn was one of those men whose prosperity always warrants the indulgence of a sarcasm. The court, however, could no longer brook the indecorous interruption, and sternly ordered that Kellett might be removed.

"My dear Mr. Kellett, pray remember yourself, only recollect where you are; such conduct will only expose you—"

"Expose me! do you think I've any shame left in me? Do you think, when a man is turned out to starve on the roads, that he cares much what people say of him?"

"This interruption is intolerable," said the Commissioner. "If he be not speedily removed, I'll order him into the custody of the police."

"Do, in God's name," cried Kellett, calmly. "Anything that will keep me from laying hands on myself, or somebody else, will be a charity."

"Come with me, Kellett—do come along with me," said Dunn, entreatingly.

"Not a step—not an inch. It was going with you brought me here. This man, my lord," cried he, addressing the court with a wild earnestness—"this man said to me that this was the time to sell a property—that land was rising every day—that if we came into the court now, it's not twenty, nor twenty-five, but thirty years' purchase—"

"I am sorry, sir," said the Commissioner, sternly, "that you will give me no alternative but that of committing you; such continued disrespect of court cannot longer be borne."

"I'm as well in jail as anywhere else. You've robbed me of my property, I care little for my person. I'll never believe it's law—never! You may sit up with your wig, and your ushers, and your criers, but you're just a set of thieves and swindlers, neither more nor less. Talk of shame, indeed! I think some of yourselves might blush at what you're doing. There, there, I'm not going to resist you," said he to the policeman; "there's no need of roughness. Newgate is the best place for me now. Mind," added he, turning to where the reporters for the daily press were sitting—"mind and say that I just offered a calm protest against the injustice done me—that I was civilly remonstrating with the court upon what every man—"

Ere he could finish, he was quietly removed from the spot, and before the excitement of the scene had subsided, he was driving away rapidly towards Newgate.

"Drunk or mad—which was it?" said Lord Glengariff to Davenport Dunn, whose manner was scarcely as composed as usual.

"He has been drinking, but not to drunkenness," said Dunn, cautiously. "He is certainly to be pitied." And now he drew nigh the bench and whispered a few words to the Commissioner.

Whatever it was that he urged—and there was an air of entreaty in his manner—did not seem to meet the concurrence of the judge. Dunn pleaded earnestly, however, and at last the Commissioner said, "Let him be brought up to-morrow then, and having made a suitable apology to the court, we will discharge him." Thus ended the incident, and once more the clerk resumed his monotonous readings. Townlands and baronies were described, valuations quoted, rights of turbary defined, and an ancient seigniorship sold out of their possessions with as little commotion or excitement as a mock Claude is knocked down at Christie's. Indeed, of so little moment was the scene we have mentioned deemed, that scarcely half a dozen lines of the morning papers were given to its recital. The Court and its doings were evidently popular with the country at large, and one of the paragraphs which readers read with most pleasure, was that wherein it was recorded that estates of immense value had just changed owners, and that the Commissioner had disposed of so many thousands' worth of landed property within the week.

Sweeping measures, of whatever nature they be, have always been in favor with the masses; never was any legislation so popular as the Guillotine!

(To be continued)

THE ROSENWEIN.

If any one whose eyes may chance to light on the heading of this article should ask me, "What is the Rosenwein?" I should reply by propounding this other question—far less irrelevant, in fact, than it may at first sight appear to be—"Did you ever hear of a wine worth the modest sum of £54,000 per bottle?" because, dear reader, if you did, you have already made a beginning of acquaintance with the renowned and historic nectar in question.

The history of this wine, unique in our planet, and of which the free city of Bremen is so justly proud, reads like some quaint old legend of the middle ages. *La voie.* The municipal cellar of Bremen is the most ancient of all the cellars of Germany, and is situated under the Guildhall. One of its compartments, called the "Rose," contains the famous Rosenwein, which is now two centuries and half old; for it was in the year of grace 1624 that three enormous hogheads of the Rhine wine, called Johannsberger, and as many Hocheimer—six great hogheads in all—were carried down into the "Rose," and there deposited. The adjacent compartment of the cellar contains other wines of the same kind, equally choice, though a few years younger; these are contained in twelve colossal barrels.

Besides this secondary store of a later vintage of the same species of wine as the one contained in the "Rose," and destined to supply the lords made upon its treasures, the other departments of the cellar are filled with wine of the same growth, the product of the vintage of succeeding years, all destined to attain, through consecutive promotions, the honor of admission into the Apostles' cask, and thence, as through a preparatory vestibular Hades, to reach the vinous Valhalla of the "Rose;" i.e., every bottle taken out of the "Rose" cellar is replaced by a bottle of the corresponding wine from the Apostles' cask; the latter being, in turn, replaced by a later wine of the same kind, and that again by a still later one, and so on. Thus the removal of a bottle of the Rosenwein is the signal for a line of progressive movement throughout the entire length of the municipal cellar; and its various casks and bins are always full.

As to the cost of this wonderful wine, a single bottle of which is estimated at 2,000,000 of rix-dollars (the rix dollar being worth about three shillings and fourpence of English money), it is to be remembered that each of the six great casks of wine, containing about 1,020 bottles, cost 600 rix-dollars in 1624. If we add to the 2,000 rix-dollars thus expended in the purchase of the original wine compound interest on the same during the period of 233 years that have elapsed, the duties paid on the wine, and the cost of keeping up the cellars, we find that each cask has cost the city no less than 2,778,288,300 rix-dollars; and that consequently each bottle of this unparalleled liquid now represents a sum of 2,773,812 rix-dollars; each glass, or eighth part of a bottle, 340,476 rix-dollars; and lastly, each drop (counting 1,000 drops to the glass) represents a value of 600 rix-dollars, or about £54 9s. 6d.; the cost of one drop having thus reached the amount originally expended in the purchase of each hoghead in 1624.

The Rosenwein is never sold. The burgomasters of the city alone have the right to withdraw a few bottles of this renowned wine each year from the bins in which it reposes, either to set before some distinguished guest, whose name is widely known throughout Germany or Europe—should any such illustrious individual honor Bremen with his presence—or to be sent as a gift to some one of the reigning monarchs of the epoch. To such an act of attention on the part of the civic fathers of Bremen did the King of Wurtemberg owe the glory of being able to offer, among the other luxurious rarities provided for the delectation of the imperial visitors he has just been entertaining in his little capital of Stuttgart, a few glasses of a beverage whose cost has so far transcended the famous draught of the Egyptian queen. A bottle of the Rosenwein was more than once presented to Goethe on his birthday by the city of Bremen.

During the French occupation of Bremen, some of the imperial generals helped themselves pretty freely to this precious liquor; a circumstance which has caused the burgomasters of Bremen to declare that their city has paid a heavier tribute to France than all the other towns of Germany put together.

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

A BANKRUPT friend of ours was consoled with the other day for his embarrassment. "Oh, I am not embarrassed at all," said he; "it is my creditors that are embarrassed."

LITTLE GIRL—"Pa, didn't you whip me for biting Tommy?" Papa—"Yes, my child, you hurt him very much." LITTLE GIRL—"Well then, pa, you ought to whip mamma's music-teacher too, for he bit mamma right in the mouth yesterday, and I know it hurt her, because she put her arms round his neck and tried to choke him!"

"NAT, what are you leaning over that empty cask for?" "I am mourning over departed spirits."

JONES—the philosopher Jones—has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that a little difference frequently makes many enemies, while a little distinction attracts hosts of friends.

On a very pretty girl's saying to Leigh Hunt, "I am very sad, you see?" (Adducee) he replied; "Oh, no, you belong to the other Jewish sect; you are very fair, I see!" (Pharisee).

A COUNTRY youth came to town to see his intended wife, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last a great snow falling, he took the occasion to tell her that his father's sheep would be undone. "Well," said she, taking him by the hand, "I'll keep one of them."

THANKSGIVING.—BY EDENREZER ELLIOTT.

For spring, and flowers of spring,
Blossom, and what they bring,
Be our thanks given.

Thanks for the maiden's bloom,
For the sad vision's gloom,
And for the sadder tomb,
E'en as for Heaven!

Great God, Thy will is done,
When the soul's rivers run
Down the worn cheeks;
Done when the righteous bleed;
When the wronged vainly plead;
Done in the unended deed,
When the heart breaks.

Lo! how the dutiful
Snows clothe in beautiful
Lie the dead earth!
Lo! how the clouds distil
Riches o'er vale and hill,
While the storm's evil will
Dies in its birth!

Blessed is the unpeopled down;
Blessed is the crowded town,
Where the tired groan;
Pain but appears to be;
What are man's fears to Thee,
God! if all tears shall be
Gems on Thy throne?

SOMETHING FOR BACHELORS.—"How many genders are there?" asked a schoolmaster.

"Three, sir," promptly replied little blue eyes; "masculine, feminine, and neuter."

"Pray, give me an example of each," said the master.

"Why, you are masculine, because you are a man; and I am feminine, because I am a girl."

"Very well. Proceed."

"I don't know," said the little girl, "but I reckon Mr. Jenkins is neuter, as he's an old bachelor."

"Does my son William that's in the army get plenty to eat?" said an old lady to a recruiting sergeant the other day. "He sees plenty," was the laconic reply. "Bless his heart, then, I know he'll have it if he can see it; he always would at home."

THE CORSAIR.—A POEM TO BE READ ON RAILROADS.

The sky was dark—the sea was rough;
The Corsair's heart was brave and tough;
The wind was high—the waves were steep;
The moon was veiled—the ocean deep;
The foam against the vessel dashed;
The Corsair overboard was washed.
A rope in vain was thrown to save—
The brine is now the Corsair's grave!

As it is expected that the joggling and jerking, or the sudden passing through tunnels, may in some degree interfere with the perusal of this poem, we give it with the abbreviations, as it is likely to be read with the drawbacks alluded to. Wherever there is a dash—it is supposed there will be a jolt of the vehicle.

CORSAIR.—POEM.

—sky—dark—sea—rough;
—Corsair—brave—tough;
—wind—high—waves—steep;
—moon—veiled—ocean—deep;
—foam—against—the—vessel—dashed;
—Corsair—board—washed;
—rope—in—vain—to—save;
—brine—Corsair's—grave.

FINDING OUT THE SINNERS.—At one time the celebrated Father Moody was some distance from home, and called on his brother in the ministry, thinking to pass the Sabbath with him if agreeable. The brother appeared glad to see him, and said,

"I should be very glad to have you preach for me to-morrow, but I am almost ashamed to ask you."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Our people are in such a habit of leaving before the meeting is closed, that it seems to be an imposition on a stranger."

"If that is all, I must and will stop to preach for you."

When Sabbath day came, and he had named his text, he looked around and said,

"My friends, I am going to preach to two sorts of folks to-day, saints and sinners. Sinners, I am going to give you a portion first, and I would have you give good attention."

He went on and preached to them as long as he thought proper, and then paused and said,

"There, sinners, I am done with you now; you may take your hats and go out of the meeting-house as soon as you please."

Of course no one availed himself of the permission.

Among Mr. Moody's stated hearers there was a young man who took special pains, when he had a new pair of shoes to creak, or a new garment to show, to come into meeting after the service had commenced. After having annoyed Mr. Moody in this manner for some time, he came in as he usually did, one morning during the prayer, and had to walk a considerable distance in the house before reaching his seat. The moment he stepped into his seat, Mr. Moody, with an elevated tone of voice, exclaimed,

"O, Lord, we pray thee to cure Ned Ingraham of his ungaily strut."

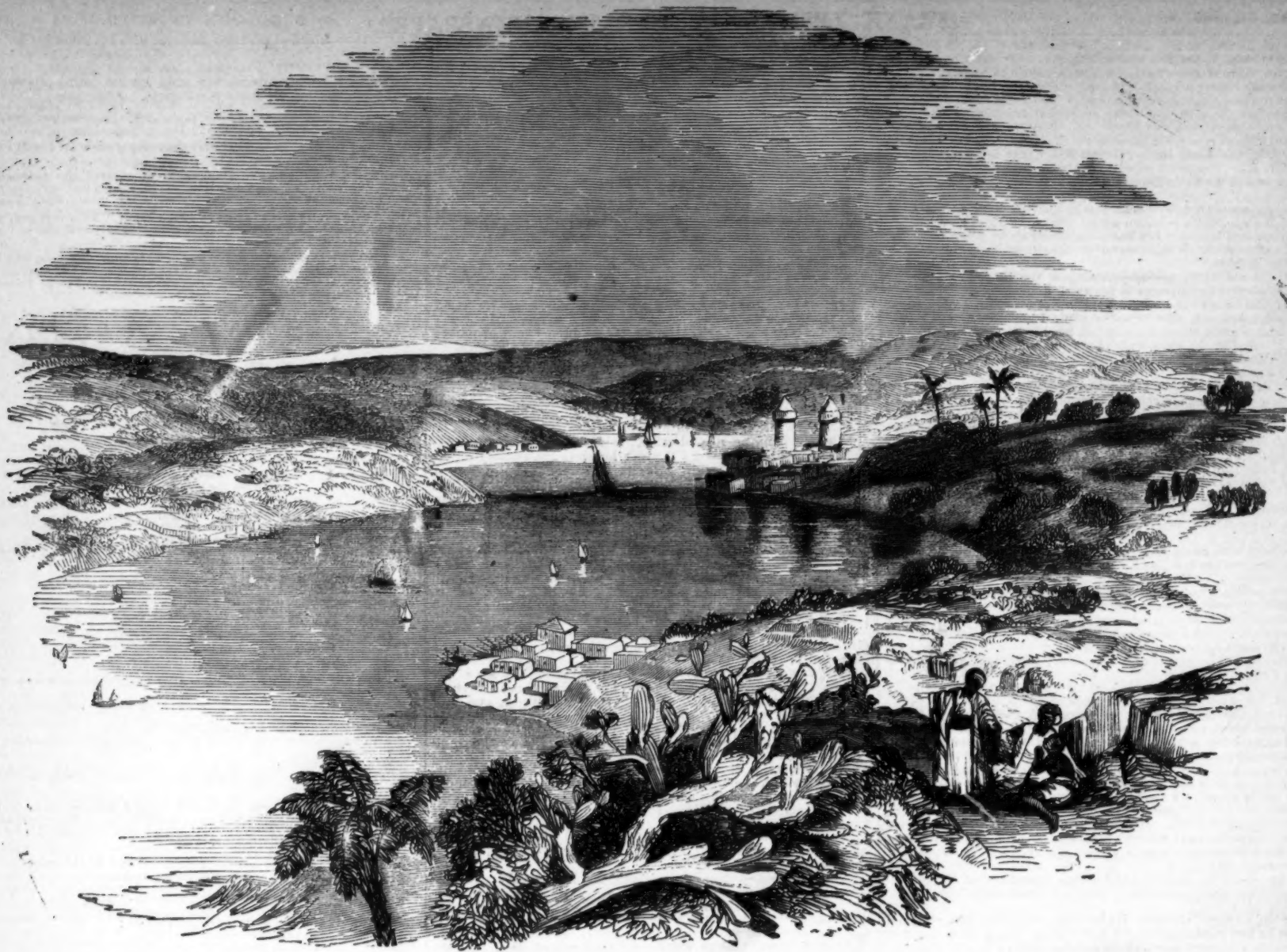
WISHES.

Oh, were I but a drop of dew,
A pearl upon the snowdrop small;
Suspended o'er one blossom true—
I know where I would love to fall.
Were I a moonbeam of the night,
That wanders through the silent air;
With kisses white would I alight
Upon one sleeping forehead fair.
Were I a rose, had I the power,
Yet sweeter roses would I seek,
And there would wave from hour to hour,
And dash the dew upon her cheek.

MUCH TO BE PROUD OF.—Two gentlemen of opposite politics, meeting, one inquired the address of some political celebrity, when the other indignantly answered, "I am proud to say, sir, that I am wholly ignorant of it." "O, you are proud of your ignorance, sir?" "Yes, I am," replied the belligerent gentleman; "and what then, sir?" "O, nothing, sir, nothing; only you have a great deal to be proud of, that's all."

FOR A LAWYER.—A lady walked into a lawyer's office lately, when the following conversation took place: "Squire, I called to see if you would like to take this boy and make a lawyer of him?" The boy appears rather young, madam. How old is he?" "Seven years, sir." "He is too young—decidedly too young. Have you no older boys?" "O, yes, sir, I have several; but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told my man I thought this little fellow would make a first-rate lawyer, and so I called to see if you would take him." "No, madam—he is too young yet to commence the study of the profession. But why do you think this boy so much better calculated for a lawyer than your other sons?" "Why, you see, sir, he is just seven years old to-day; when he was only five, he'd be like all natures; when he got to be six, he was easy and impudent as any critter could be; and now he'll steal everything he can lay his hands on."

THE DUKE AND THE BISHOP.—When travelling, the Duke of Roquelaure used a very mean equipage, and dressed in a very shabby manner. Passing through Lyons in this guise, he was observed by the bishop of the diocese, who was afflicted with an insatiable appetite for news. The bishop seeing a strange traveller of mean appearance, thought he had only a plebeian to deal with, and wishing to gratify his ruling passion, cried out, "Hi! hi!" Roquelaure immediately ordered his postilion to stop; and the curious prelate advancing to the carriage, demanded, "Where have you come from?" "Paris," was the reply. "What is there fresh in Paris?" "Green peas." "But what were the people saying when you came away?" "Vegetables." "Goodness, man! who are you? what are you called?" "Ignorant and uneducated persons call me Hi! hi! but gentlemen term me the Duke de Roquelaure. Drive on, postilion!" The duke passed on, leaving the astonished bishop staring after the carriage.



THE DARDANELLES.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE DARDANELLES.

BETWEEN Europe and Turkey in Asia, and connecting the Sea of Marmora and the Ægean Sea, runs a rapid current, known as the Dardanelles, and also as the Hellespont of olden time. Its length is little more than forty miles, and at first sight it would appear like an insignificant piece of water, but when we consider it as the pass to the Black Sea, and the connecting link between two nations; it assumes an immense political importance. The shores on either side abound with the most striking and beautiful

scenery; that on the Asiatic side is in the most oriental style, with clusters of palm trees, emerald slopes, and gentle ascents, rising from the sea towards Mount Ida; while the other shore is rugged and rocky, and bristling with forts and batteries.

Eight enormous fortresses present their strong battlements on the European side, which mount 340 guns. The Asiatic shore, though full of bloom and verdure, and wearing a less warlike air, is no less valiantly fortified, with seven strongholds and 383 guns. The reader can easily conjecture how agreeable would be the position of a hostile vessel passing up these straits, amid the fiery

rain of balls which would inevitably pour from the dark walls around.

All who are familiar with ancient history will remember these waters as the scene of the noted exploits of Leander, who was wont to swim across at Abydos, the narrowest spot. Lord Byron also swam the Hellespont at this point, while in the East. Our illustration gives a vivid and truthful idea of this celebrated locality.

The Dardanelles derive this name, by which they are most generally known, from the Castles of the Dardanelles, which are



CONSTANTINOPLE, LOOKING TOWARDS SOUTARI.

still visible near the south-west entrance, almost in view of the original site of an old city said to have been erected by Dardanus, the ancestor of King Priam.

At the other extremity of the Sea of Marmora lies Constantinople, the fair city of the Golden Horn, and of mosques and minarets without number. Our sketch is taken looking towards Scutari, and commanding a view of the city itself, and of the sea. Constantinople presents many novel features to the traveller, but perhaps the chief attractions are the Seraglio, St. Sophia, and the mosque of Achmet. The former is a delightful place of marble pavements, oval fountains, deep shade and flowery terraces; it boasts a fine prospect, and the arm-chair of the Sultan when he comes here, which is seldom, commands both the Bosphorus and Sea of Marmora.

St. Sophia, with its bronze gates and mosaics, is one of the finest ecclesiastical structures in the world, and the mosque of Achmet, with its six minarets, is scarcely less beautiful. The streets and bazaars of Constantinople are continually thronged, its commerce is great, and altogether it is one of the finest cities of the Eastern world.

GENERAL HENRY HAVELOCK, K.C.B.

GENERAL HAVELOCK, whose military genius and bravery have so charmed the world, is a fair specimen of many who are doomed, by the favoritism of the British Government, to a lifetime of obscurity. But for the Indian mutiny, Havelock's name would never have been heard of beyond the brigade in which he served. After twenty-three years of obscure service as a subaltern, he was in 1838 promoted to a company in the army collected for the invasion of Afghanistan. Throughout this war he distinguished himself, wrote a book on the campaign which was published in London, and became attached to the staff of General Elphinstone, as interpreter of the Persian language. His next active service was with Sir Robert Sale. He wrote all the despatches, which were highly commended by Sir George Murray. In the attack on Mahomed Akbar, who was compelled to raise the siege, he showed his real character by defeating the enemy with his own command, before the supporting columns could come up to his assistance. For this service he was promoted to a Brevet-Majority and to the Companionship of the Bath.



SOMETHING ALARMING.

"Hollo! hi! here! somebody! I've turned on the hot water, and I cannot turn it off again!"

Never idle, he was active in the border warfare continually taking place in some part or another of India, and always distinguishing himself.

Towards the end of 1843 Havelock accompanied the British forces to Gwalior, when the Mahrattas were defeated and their guns captured; in the succeeding year he was made a Lieutenant-Colonel. He was in all the battles with the Sikhs. After twenty-five years' incessant and laborious service, his constitution began to suffer,



YOUNG AMERICA.

UNCLE—"So, you've been to the Crystal Palace?"
GUS—"Yes, Uncle."
UNCLE—"Well, now, I'll give you sixpence if you will tell me what you admired most in that temple of Industry?"
GUS (unhesitatingly)—"Veal and 'am pies, and the ginger beer. Give us the sixpence!"



GENERAL HENRY HAVELOCK, THE HERO OF LUCKNOW.

and by the desire of his medical advisers he visited England. In 1851 he returned to Bombay, and through the influence of Lord Hardinge was made a Brevet-Colonel and Adjutant-General of the Queen's troops in India. At the breaking out of the sepoy mutiny he was at Bombay, and soliciting active service he was sent up to Allahabad as Brigadier-General, taking command of the memorable column with which he has won unspeakable glory in repeatedly defeating the Mahratta fiend, Nena Sahib. Before the action of Futehpore commenced, General Havelock thus addressed the 78th Regiment: "Highlanders, when we going to Mohammerah I promised you a field day, I could not give it to you then, as the Persians ran away. But, Highlanders, we will have it here to-day; let the enemy see what you are made of." At the battle which followed the enemy was worsted, and lost twelve guns. At the action at Cawnpore, the enemy, thirteen thousand strong, with six guns, and Nena Sahib at their head, were defeated by Havelock, who had one thousand three hundred Europeans and seven hundred Sikhs. After the battle, he said to the 78th—"Highlanders, I have been in twenty-seven fights, and I never saw a regiment behave better—I will say more, I never saw a regiment behave so well." His last and still greater victory before Lucknow has given him a worldwide reputation.

General Havelock was born in the year 1795, at Bishopwearmouth, Sunderland, England. His father was a merchant. The General's elder brother distinguished himself in the Iberian Peninsula and at Waterloo, and having, one month after the battle of Waterloo, obtained, through his brother's interest, the appointment of a Second-Lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade (95th

Regiment), he served for eight years in the three kingdoms, and at last, desiring more active service, exchanged his commission for one in the 18th Light Infantry. He embarked for India nearly twenty-five years ago, where he would probably have disappeared from the public eye, but for the stirring events that have marked the revolt of the sepoy troops in India.

Tiger and Lion Fight.

An extraordinary fight between a lion and a tiger in a menagerie is mentioned by a late English paper. The tiger was only eighteen months old, but of very large size, the lion was aged some six or seven years. It happened as follows: The attendants had all left the menagerie to go to breakfast, when suddenly those in the carriage which the proprietors occupy were alarmed by an unusual outcry among the beasts. They soon discovered the cause. The tiger had burglariously broken through through the side or partition dividing his den from that of the lion, and had the latter in his terrible grasp. The combat which ensued was a terrible one. The lion acted chiefly on the defensive, and having probably been considerably tamed by his three years' confinement, the newly-imported tiger had the advantage. His attacks were of the most ferocious kind. The lion's mane saved his head and neck from being much injured, but his savage assailant at last succeeded in ripping open his belly, and then the poor animal was at the tiger's mercy. The lion was dead in a few minutes. The scene was a fearful one. The inmates of every den seemed to be excited by the conflict, and their roaring and howling might have been heard a quarter of a mile distant. Of course the men could not interfere while the conflict lasted, but when the tiger's fury had partly subsided, they managed to remove the carcass. He must have used his paws as a sort of battering ram against the partition, as it was pushed in rather than torn down.

Customs of Various Nations in their Repasts.

THE Maldivian islanders eat alone. They retire to the most hidden parts of their houses, and draw down the cloths which serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobserved. An absurd reason may be alleged for this misanthropical repast: they will never eat with one who is inferior to them in birth, in riches, or dignity; and as it is a difficult matter to settle this equality, they are condemned to lead this unsocial life. On the contrary, the inhabitants of the Philippines are remarkably sociable. Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs until he meets with one; and, however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest. The tables of the rich Chinese shine with a beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk carpets very elegantly worked. The master of the house absents himself while his guests regale at his table with undisturbed revelry. They do not make use of plates, knives, or forks, but their food is served up in dishes, out of which they eat in common; and for this purpose every guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very adroitly. The Otahitians, who are lovers of society, and very gentle in their manners, eat separate from each other. At the hour of repast the members of each family divide; two brothers, two sisters, and even husband and wife, parents and children, have each their respective basket. They place themselves at the distance of two or three yards from each other, they turn their backs, and take their meal in profound silence. Among the greater part of the American Indians, the host is continually on the watch to solicit his visitors to eat, but touches nothing himself. In New France the host wears himself with singing to divert the company while they eat. The Tartars pull a man by the ears, to press him to drink; and they continue tormenting him, till he opens his mouth: they then clap their hands and dance before him.

Statistics of Suicide.

THE "European Statistics of Suicide," recently published in France by M. Lisle, show that England is no longer at the head of the dreary poll. The French author proves that France is highest in the scale, and Russia lowest. In London there is one suicide in 8,250 people. Paris gives one in 2,221. For the whole English population the suicides reckon one in 15,900; France, one in 12,499. The north of France is the most prolific in suicides, that district yielding nearly half of the whole number in the entire empire.



QUIET LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

ENTHUSIASTIC ANGLER—"This wouldn't be a bad place if the fish would only bite, and if it wasn't for this confounded wasp nest."

BROADWAY THEATRE.—E. A. MARSHALL, LESSEE.
First week of the season.
VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S Grand Equestrian, Zoological and Hippo-Dramatic Company.
Among the artists are Mr. Van Amburgh, Mr. Eaton Stone, the Nicolo Family, Mr. R. F. Cummings, Mr. E. W. Perry, Ben Stone, and the Wonderful Elephant, Tippoosah.
SIXTEEN SPLENDID ACTS IN THE ARENA.
Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock.
Prices of Admission, Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents. Private Boxes, \$5 and \$8; Orchestra Seats, \$1.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY.—Grand revival of **MEDINA.**
GABRIEL, ANTOINE and JEROME RAVEL.
MAHETTA ZANFRETTA and YOUNG AMERICA.
An afternoon performance every Saturday.
Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, 50 cents; the tier of Upper Boxes (entrance on Crosby street), 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1; Private Boxes, \$5; Children to Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, half price.
ALTERATION OF TIME.—Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUTON STREET.
Miss Laura Keene.....Sole Lessee and Directress.
Now open for the season, with an able and efficient Stock Company.
THE SEA OF ICE; or, A MOTHER'S PRAYER.
Doors open at 7. The performance will commence with the Overture at 7½ o'clock.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE STREET.
Proprietor.....Henry Wood.
GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS respectfully announce to their patrons and the public in general that the above elegant structure is now open under the management of Henry Wood and George Christy, with an entirely new programme.
Stage Manager.....Sylvester Blecker.
Treasurer.....L. M. Winans.
Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—New Dramatic Season.
With an Entirely New and superior Company.
Every evening at half-past seven o'clock.
Also, the **GRAND AQUARIA**, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c.
Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

EMPIRE HALL, No. 596 BROADWAY.—DR. KANE'S
ARCTIC VOYAGES, magnificently illustrated, and vividly portraying the sublime yet awful grandeur of the **POLAR REGIONS**, with a description by **CHARLES GAYLOR, Esq.**, the popular Author and Dramatist. Dr. Kane's Arctic dresses, celebrated dog sled, rifle and other relics on view every evening at 8 o'clock; Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock. Admission 25 cents; children half price.

THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY MODERN ARTISTS OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL,
At the OLD ART UNION ROOMS, No. 497 BROADWAY,
WILL REMAIN OPEN UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
From 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. and from 7 to 10 evening. The Gallery is well lighted and warmed. B. FRODSHAM, Secretary.

AMERICAN EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART is now open in the new Galleries of the National Academy of Design, one door from Broadway, in Tenth street, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., and from 7 p. m. to 10. Admission 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.
ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trubner & Co., 12 Paternoster row, London.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19, 1857.

This is the Time to Subscribe and to Renew Subscriptions.

The liberal offer which we published in our last issue has given great satisfaction, and large lists of names have been forwarded to us, for the **PAPER** and **MAGAZINE** together, at Four Dollars a year for both. We repeat the offer we made, and shall keep it open until the 1st of January, 1858.

TAKE NOTICE!

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER
AND
NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE,
BOTH
For Four Dollars.

We make this liberal offer to the public to January 1, 1858, from the date of our present issue. We will send the Paper and Magazine to one address for one year, for Four Dollars. The two are entirely distinct in the character of their literature and the subject of their engravings. Together they form an amount of reading matter equal to three thousand Imperial Octavo pages; while the number of engravings, nearly all of them original, designed and cut by the best artists in the city, is very nearly two thousand. Remember the offer, dear reader, three thousand pages of splendid reading matter and two thousand fine engravings for Four Dollars per annum.

PREMIUM FOR THE LARGEST LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

To induce our friends to work for us and with us, we offer the following liberal Premiums. For the largest list of subscribers to our Magazine or Paper, sent in to us before the 15th of March, 1858, we offer a premium of

Two Hundred Dollars.
For the second largest list,
One Hundred Dollars.
For the third largest list,
Seventy-five Dollars.
For the fourth largest list,
Fifty Dollars.

Those commencing to form lists will advise us of it, and every subscription sent by them will be recorded in their name, and the successful friendly canvassers will receive their Premiums on the 30th of March, or immediately after we publish the result in our columns.

To those who are in earnest the work will be light, for without vanity we may say that both our **NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE** and

our **ILLUSTRATED PAPER** offer such striking inducements as to need but little labor to recommend them. Our friends will please address

FRANK LESLIE,

13 Frankfort street, N. Y.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Our Christmas number calls for some special mention. We propose making it the most beautiful, artistic and interesting paper that we have yet issued. It will contain nearly forty cuts from original designs by our own artists, and an immense amount of literary matter, stories, tales, &c. There will be special features which we shall introduce to our readers with much pleasure. Among them will be found

A NEW CHRISTMAS CAROL,

BY R. H. STODDARD;

a thoughtful and exquisite poem, written expressly for this paper, which will be richly illustrated by our artists.

THE INIMITABLE DOESTICKS

has taken twelve months in eliminating that wonderful stroke of humor which is to convulse our readers on Christmas morning, and send them to their dinners with vigorous appetites and improved digestion.

That great creature,

MRS. SQUIZZLE,

proposes to send us one of her Christmas experiences, which will, we have little doubt, be of the raciest and most humorous description.

Our illustrated chapter on the observances of Christmas Eve and Christmas Day will be of great and lively interest to all who speak the English language. The customs are all full of kindness, humanity, and home affections and charities. What we have said will give some faint idea of the material of which our Christmas number of 1857 will be formed. It will be a great number, and will be followed by others equally admirable. We have promised that our Fifth Volume shall exceed all that has preceded it, and we will keep our word, and shall present our Christmas number as an earnest of our sincerity.

On Monday, the 7th inst., the Thirty-fifth Congress was inaugurated. Of the sixty Senators fifty were present, and two hundred and fifty-five members of the House answered to the call. The following officers of the House were chosen without opposition: Speaker, James L. Orr, S. C.; Clerk, James C. Allen, Illinois; Sergeant-at-arms, A. J. Glossbrenner, Penn.; Doorkeeper, R. B. Hackney, Va.; Postmaster, M. W. Cluskey, Ga. The President's message was read in the Senate on Tuesday, the 8th. It is a very lengthy article. The prominent points touched upon are first, the Finances, in which the President urges government retrenchments, pleads the necessity of a loan, strongly objects to a national bank, and urges a general bankrupt law against all banks, involving the forfeiture of the bank charter with its suspension of specie payments. On Foreign Relations the statement is satisfactory, excepting in regard to Central American affairs, of which it is proposed to begin the discussion over again. With regard to Spain a determination is expressed to have the many points at issue brought to an amicable settlement, if possible. On the Kansas question Mr. Buchanan goes for the Lecompton Convention. In consideration of the Mormon difficulty four more regiments are asked for. A Territorial Government for Arizona is recommended, and asserts the full power of Congress to make a military road through the Territories to the Pacific. A powerful opposition to the Kansas views of the President is already organized, led by Mr. Douglas, and an exciting time may be expected in Congress during the next four weeks. The Reports from the other Departments of State have also been presented.

By recent advices from the city of Mexico, we learn that affairs have taken a more favorable turn for the Government. Dictator Comonfort and the Supreme Court were duly installed on the 1st inst., and the re-actionary forces had been completely defeated, not only at Puebla but at other points.

Despatches have been received at the War Department from Col. Johnson, of the Utah expedition, dated South Pass, October 18th. Every exertion was being made to concentrate the different branches of the expedition before going into winter quarters. Great difficulty was experienced from the cold and snow. Col. Magraw, of the South Pass Wagon Road Expedition, had tendered a number of men, with fifteen good teams of mules and wagons, which had been accepted, and would be of great service in the emergency. Several of the supply trains were yet behind, with provisions and clothing, of which the advance were greatly in need. Colonel Johnson considers the force at present on its way to Utah as altogether insufficient to cope with the Mormon forces. The country is difficult, the enemy numerous, and the distance from all supplies a most serious impediment. Lieutenant General Scott approves of all Colonel Johnson has done, and agrees with the views as to the meagreness of the present force, &c., contained in his despatches. Unless Brigham Young adopts a new locality for his harem, his defence may prove severe and protracted.

By the latest European arrivals we learn that there is a decided improvement in the money market in England and France.

The London Times states that as soon as Parliament meets for the dispatch of business, the total abolition of the East India Company's Government will be proposed by Ministers, and that India will be brought immediately under the control of the Crown and Parliament.

In Madrid it was reported that the Government had sent orders to Gen. Concha, Captain-General of Cuba, to organize a body of infantry, with the necessary artillery, in order to be ready at a short notice to commence hostilities against Mexico, in the event of the present negotiations failing.

The news from India reports Lucknow safe. Seven thousand British troops had arrived, and many actions had been fought, in all of which the rebels were defeated with terrible loss. Nesa Sahib was again near Bithoor. Two more of the King of Delhi's sons had been shot. There were rumors of fresh disturbances, but none which assumed much importance.

The steamship Europa, Captain Leitch, arrived at this port from Liverpool, reports: December 1, at 11½ o'clock A.M., in lat. 51 24, lon. 20 25, passed steamship Adriatic, hence for Liverpool; wind at the time S. E. W., moderate and cloudy. The supposition of those on board the Europa was that she would make the passage in less than ten days.

Our Dramatic Authors.

We are indebted to the Old World for the important physiological fact that it takes "nine tailors to make a man." Scorning to be indebted to the other side, at least for information, we pay back their fact with another fact equally important, that it takes "four distinguished literary men to make one so-so translation." It would be a matter of curious speculation to calculate if it took four eminent litterateurs to make an indifferent translation of a flashy French piece, how bad the translation would have been had only one of the four completed the task! The authors of this enormous piece were announced as the — Club! Being a club, we presume that they are chips of the old block-head.

A new comedy is announced at one of the minor theatres, which is to be a stage-o-type of American manners. This will be a good opportunity to "see ourselves as others see us." The American people have been pen-o-typed by every itinerant foreigner; even the gentle poet Mackay transmits his thirty days' observation to the London papers, but they have never yet been put upon the stage. A distinguished foreigner (one quarter of the — Club) is about to hold that celebrated "mirror" up to American nature, and we have no doubt that the reflection will be exceedingly gratifying. We do not know from what point his observation of American society has been taken, but as this renowned moiety of the — Club is singularly original, he may not be content with the four cardinal points, but may add another point, and from the five derive materials for his "Comedy of Errors."

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

THE men are difficult creatures to manage. Talk about female curiosity, indeed! With us it is a weak failing compared with its mighty development in the nature of lordly man. We inscribed the article in our last issue especially to the ladies; we intended it for them exclusively, and we strictly prohibited all male creatures from perusing a word of its contents. But this prohibition was only needed to arouse the curiosity of the men, and we have received more than a dozen communications from gentlemen fellows, who protest against any exclusiveness in this our special column, on the plea that we have no right to keep all the good things to ourselves. We fully appreciate the malice of this protest; they fear the mental ascendancy that woman is fast gaining in these United States; they know we write the best books and the best poetry; they see that we are taking our place beside them in all the best periodicals of the day, and they hoped to bar us out from FRANK LESLIE'S PAPER, not knowing his gallant character and the chivalry of his editors. They have signally failed in their endeavors, and we again issue our mandate, "No Gentlemen allowed here."

Our fathers and brothers, our lovers and our husbands, have hitherto had exclusively the ear of the public. For generations they have puffed themselves into notoriety; they made themselves the heroes of their books, and oh! what mental giants, what moral paragons, what human Adonises they presented to an admiring male constituency, or an audience of silly young boarding-school misses! The creatures were in love with themselves; each was a Narcissus, and grew pale and interesting from an excess of passionate self-adoration. O the contrast between man's self-ideal and woman's every-day experience! We see the hero who is too pure to think evil, swearing like a trooper over tight boots; who is too courageous to fear death in any form, moaning and writhing when afflicted with a festered finger; who is so noble-minded as not to know the value of money, growing and sulking for a week, because a milliner's bill happens to be a *leette* longer than he expected; who is so chivalric that he could walk a mile rather than inconvenience one of the gentle sex, ruthlessly crowding an omnibus, and bear that he is, flopping right down into a seat when our skirts are actually in possession. We see men as they are, and not as they paint themselves; and there is no danger of our indulging a hero-worship!

We don't hate the fellows altogether, nor do we think that the present generation is any worse than the past, although that is not saying much in their favor; but we protest against their peacock airs of superiority. The creature man is so weak that he has to make a thousand excuses for his shortcomings. If he drinks, it is to recruit his over-taxed strength; if he smokes (and they all smell abominably of tobacco), it is to soothe his strained intellect; if he gambles, it is to rouse him to some needed excitement; if he plays billiards (and all do so who can), it is solely for the sake of a "little healthful exercise," or the game is so extremely "scientific and fascinating." If they—but what is the use of particularising their countless little meannesses, private enjoyments and personal extravagances? their name is legion, and all of them rob us of some privilege, or deprive us of some comfort, and narrow down our wardrobe to the smallest possible limits.

We feel that we are getting rather warm upon the subject, but when gentlemen will impudently intrude upon forbidden ground, a little gentle castigation will do them no harm. To the ladies' column only ladies are admissible. Once again we proclaim, "No Gentlemen admitted here!"

PERSONAL.

A distinguished English litterateur, Mr. George S. Phillips (whose nom de plume is "January Searle"), now residing in Boston, proposes to give lectures at our institutes on various and interesting subjects during the present lecture season. Mr. Phillips is a gentleman of fine intelligence, a forcible and earnest writer, and his high literary position in his own country should and will insure him a corresponding consideration here. We commend him specially to the attention of our institutes, hoping that his services may be secured before the season ends. The subjects of the proposed lectures, which we have received, are various and excellent. Our readers will remember two charming poems by January Searle (Mr. G. S. Phillips) in our paper dated 21st of November.

We have to record the death of Colonel William Turnbull, of the corps of Topographical Engineers. He was chief of his corps under General Scott in Mexico in 1848, and was twice breveted for gallant and meritorious conduct, first in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, and secondly in the battle of Chapultepec.

Judge Davies denied the motion for an injunction restraining the Common Council for granting certain lands to the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum.

The Board of Aldermen passed a resolution directing the Receiver to remove the Crystal Palace by the 1st of May, 1858.

In the case of Donnelly, who was sentenced, for the murder of Moses at the Sea View House, Highlands, the Court of Appeals confirmed the judgment of the Supreme Court. An application has been made to the Court of Pardoners for mitigation of the sentence.

Mr. Jarvis Elade, a member of the firm of Lawrence, Stone & Co., who has been very ill at the residence of his brother-in-law in Bath, Maine, attempted

suicide by cutting his throat. The wound is not supposed to be mortal. He had partially recovered from brain fever, and was insane when he attempted to make way with himself.

—The Alabama Legislature has passed resolutions complimentary to Lieut. Maury, and recommended his restoration to active service, which we fully endorse.

—It is said that there is still some difficulty in regard to the locality of the New York post office.

—There was a considerable riot among the laborers at the long dock, Piermont. The directors of the railroad proposed to reduce the laborers' pay ten per cent., which was forcibly resisted. Other laborers were brought, but they were driven away. A detachment of police were sent from this city; they went—did nothing—and came back. The old laborers have resumed work, and have probably gained their point.

—The Hon. P. Parker, late United States Minister to China, arrived by the Baltic.

—Mrs. Frances Ann Kemble commenced her Shakespearean Readings at the University Medical College last week.

—The expenses of General Worth's funeral, after some just reduction of the items, amounted to four thousand dollars.

—Cannell, the murderer of Eugene Anderson, was sentenced in the Supreme Court on the 8th inst. He solemnly protested his innocence.

—E. J. Nichols, who forged P. T. Barnum's name in 1855, has been sentenced, at Cleveland, to five years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

—E. S. Bartholomew, the sculptor, and R. B. Kimball, the author of *St. Leger*, sailed for England last week in the Africa.

—Madame Lola Montes is on the eve of a very brilliant matrimonial alliance. She purposes in ten days from this time to be en route for Paris. Her return to this country for a short visit may be expected in the spring.

—At the request of many gentlemen, Mr. August Belmont has consented to exhibit his fine collection of pictures, which he purchased during his residence in Europe. They will be placed in the galleries of the National Academy, and the English exhibition will temporarily close to make way for them.

—The late United States Senator from this State, the Hon. Hamilton Fish, was at Florence on the 18th ult.

—The last member of the Randolph family has recently died, and the race is extinct. St. George Randolph was a nephew of the celebrated John Randolph. He was born deaf and dumb, but was highly educated in France. On returning home to Virginia in 1814, he heard of the hopeless illness of his brother at Harvard College, and immediately became deranged. From that time to the day of his death he is said never to have known a lucid interval.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Empress Eugenie—How she Passes her Time in the Forest of Compiègne.

As the time draws near for the removal from Compiègne, the life in the woods, in which her Majesty takes so much delight, becomes more animated than ever, and the amusement of the last few days has been of the most joyous nature. An idea originated by her Majesty has been eagerly seized upon by the noble guests of the palace, and the last week has been witness to the most exhilarating fun and frolic, which has made the old forest resound again. The forest of Compiègne possesses the peculiarity of being intersected in every direction by numerous *clairières*, which do not exist in any other of the royal forests. Several of these are of considerable extent, and give a charm of air and light to the woods, which is totally wanting in those of Fontainebleau. In one of these, lately chosen as a rendezvous of *chasse*, the Empress was struck with the appropriate nature of the ground for racing—the turf being smooth and short and remarkably level, with a sloping bank on either side, sheltered by the thick wood which rises beyond.

While the company were repining after the *halte*, the Empress—actuated, perhaps, by the little playful malice—proposed a race among the gentlemen, well-knowing that the horses being anything but racers, and just then rather the worse for the day's chase into the bargain, the sport afforded to the ladies would be of a first-rate description. In a *claire* the ground was cleared, lots were drawn, and the runners, four in number, were starting, amid shouts of laughter and great betting and excitement amongst the ladies. It was Monsieur de Saint M.—who won this first race, less in consequence of his own skill than the mettle of his horse, than owing to the worst management of his rivals. The success of this first essay was so complete, that before quitting the ground, and while Monsieur Saint M.—still flushed with victory, and wearing the trophy of his conquest at his button-hole—a bouquet of thyme, bluebells, foxglove and other innocent flowers of the forest, to which each lady contributed a blossom gathered by her own fair hand—was yet in perplexity how he came to win what appeared, all things considered, to be the veriest game of chance in the world, it was agreed that on the following day the ladies should try their skill likewise in the same place, the only difference being the liberty possessed by each fair jockey to choose her own *monture*. The prize to be contested for on the occasion was to be a set of buttons for a riding waistcoat. The next day was waited for with impatience; as the lots were to be drawn for, none could tell beforehand, or presume to bet upon the skill of the fair competitors. Four horsewomen started; two ladies of honor belonging to her Majesty, one lady, whose chateau could be seen from the spot where the sport was held, and Madame de —, whose renown for horsemanship has, by this time, spread all over Europe, were the candidates, and the Empress herself was appointed to give the signal of departure, which was done according to the strict rules of the raccourse. At the very first starting it was evident that the whole interest of the race lay between Madame de P.—and the country lady from the environs; and, after a severe struggle between the two—both having distanced, to a considerable degree, the two less experienced ladies of honor—Madame de P.—was pronounced the winner, and rewarded accordingly. If the anxiety and emotion displayed by the spectators was great, it was well repaid by the interest which the scene possessed, as it so happened that the four ladies on whom the chance fell were amongst the most fearless riders belonging to the imperial suite; and the invidious declare that Madame de P.—owes her triumph to the lightness of her diminutive figure, which gained the advantage towards the end of the race most especially.

Lady Havelock—A Noble Tribute to the Hero of Lucknow.

The performance at Her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday evening, 12th ult., was a "great fact." It possessed not merely musical but historic interest. M. Julien's new composition, written in honor of our heroes of the East, and entitled "The Indian Quadrille and General Havelock's Triumphal March," was performed for the first time, and in presence of Lady Havelock and her daughters. The quadrille is one of the best, if not the very best, of the great *maître's* descriptive compositions. For its performance his own magnificent band was strengthened by an army of fife and drums from the Grenadier, Coldstream and Scots Fusilier Guards, and by an efficient chorus. The result surpassed anticipation, and gave rise, at the conclusion, to a scene of excitement seldom witnessed in a theatre. Amid most vociferous cries for a repetition of Havelock's March, M. Julien at length made himself heard, and announced the presence of Lady Havelock—the wife of the distinguished General—"the British lion who has so well hunted the Bengal tiger." Cheers upon cheer followed this announcement, and Lady Havelock, evidently much affected, bowed her thanks from a box.

The Archbishop of Paris—How he was Tricked into Purchasing Clothes for Himself.

The Archbishop of Paris is remarkable for his charity; but, although he can always find money when the necessities of the poor are in question, yet when his valet represents to him that parts of his wardrobe require replenishing, he makes an excuse that the poor require his assistance, and that it will be better to wait until bread becomes cheaper. A few days since the valet, despairing of ever persuading his master that some new shirts were absolutely necessary for him, adopted an ingenious scheme to effect the purpose. He informed the Archbishop that a poor gentleman was in such distress that he could not purchase linen to make the respectable appearance he was required to do, and the Archbishop immediately gave him money for that purpose. On dressing, some days after, the Archbishop said that the shirt given him by the valet was a new one; and he asked where it had come from. The servant replied that it had been purchased with the money the Archbishop had given him, and that the poor gentleman of whom he had spoken was his Eminence himself.

The Plot of a New Drama.

A new piece by the well-known author, Mr. Tom Taylor, was lately produced in London. The story is interesting and ingenious. The plot is not very intricate; Harry Arnelius, a younger brother, falls in love with the daughter of a blacksmith, and has the temerity to propose marriage to the beauty—Hester Grazebrook—and even despite the arrival of his fashionable friends at his rural retreat, and the intimation that he has suddenly dropped into a rich inheritance and baronetcy, adheres to his determination. The second act takes place after the lapse of some months. Harry begins to find the rustic beauty not equally elegant and accomplished as his friends, and rather chides her upon her native propensities. Hester grows jealous at the presence of an old flame of Harry's, Mrs. Montresor, who is constantly quoted as a model for her to study. A Dr. Blenkinsop kindly consents to get Hester's enemy out of the way, and succeeds in making Mrs. Montresor start for Ems, under the belief of her serious indisposition. But Hester's husband has received an intimation from his physician that he is suffering from an incipient pulmonary complaint, and that nothing but the waters of Germany can cure him. Not to distress Hester, he resolves to start that day, without revealing the cause, and the curtain descends upon her bitter grief at this abrupt departure. The third act, after the lapse of some months, discovers the husband and Mrs. Montresor at a bath in Germany, which Dr. Blenkinsop has succeeded in raising into reputation. They hear in their seclusion of the arrival in the Grand Duchy of a beautiful Englishwoman, who receives marked and delicate attentions from the Duke, and, to their astonishment, discover the neglected Hester, now a most fashionable lady, is the captivating beauty. The husband is willing to clasp his beautiful wife to his heart; but not so the wife, who has now grown too

fashionable for any display of natural feeling, and taunts him with his own counsel and instruction to her, which he now regrets to see she has too well profited by. The situation is sustained till the husband is well punished, when the wife flings off the mask, and shows she is loving as ever; and after triumphing over her rival, forgives and forgets.

Mosaic Items.

M. Thorne has given notice to the *Cercle Scientifique* of his intention of developing his plan for laying down a tunnel between England and France. He begins his report with an eloquent appeal to all those who suffer from sea sickness. It appears the Emperor was so highly amused with the report, that he exhibited the greatest hilarity at the announcement. M. Thorne perseveres in his assertion of the possibility of the plan, in spite of the laughter with which it is greeted.

The first of the colossal statues which is destined to ornament the cathedral of Speyer, has been most satisfactorily placed in its niche above the principal entrance. It is by Herr Gasser, and represents the Virgin Mary with the infant Jesus in her arms. The statue is a beautiful piece of sculpture, and worthy of Herr Gasser's well-known and fully recognized powers both of conception and execution.

The celebrated Countess Ida Hahn Hahn has entered a nunnery at Mayence. The Persian Ambassador Extraordinary is still residing in Paris; failing to create a sensation in the capital, he now contemplates to astonish the provincials. A few days ago he visited Rheims, where he met with great success. He was invited to a grand concert, was introduced to the Cardinal Archbishop, and was cheered by the mob. A laughable scene occurred at the railway station, where carriages had been sent to meet the noble Persian and his suite. These carriages had, however, been constructed in an anti-Persian sense; that is, no room had been left for the high, peaked head-dresses of these interesting foreigners. The consequence was, that on entering the vehicles, the face of the Ambassador and the faces of his suite disappeared under these gigantic hats, to the intense amusement of the spectators. The coachmen were at once stopped, the heads of the carriages drawn up, and the dignified appearance of the visitors then restored.

M. Florinetti, theatrical critic of the *Constitutionnel*, relates the following anecdote of Madame Rachel: "In a concert, given at the Salle Herz, for a female orphan institution, Madame Rachel, in a morning dress and shawl, recited two scenes from 'Phedre.' She was recalled with enthusiasm three times, and then the lady-patronesses begged her to go round and make a collection for the institution. She did me the honor to request me to give her my arm. The audience was composed of the highest Parisian society, and in a short time the velvet bag in which she received offerings was filled. She gaily emptied the contents into my hat. 'Gentlemen,' she said, with a smile, as she went round, 'I cannot accept less than a louis!' and at least a louis was given by each. The total receipt was 3,000*fr.*, and she appeared delighted at it; but, as we were returning to the platform, her features suddenly became saddened, and she said, 'Think of the vanity of men! They give me a louis without hesitation, now that I am rich and celebrated, but they refused me a piece of two sous when I was almost dying of hunger!'"

The musical world has already received the announcement of the great preparations about to be made for the *fêtes* at Berlin, upon the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal of England. The new work of Dupres, "Samson," which created such enthusiastic admiration at the Prussian court a few weeks ago, has already been placed upon the programme, and is to be put in repetition at the beginning of the month.

LITERATURE.

ROMANIA, THE BORDER LAND OF THE CHRISTIAN AND THE TURK. By JAMES O. NOYES, M. D. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 310 Broadway.

Mr. Noyes, in his capacity of surgeon in the Ottoman army during the late Russo-Turkish war, had ample opportunities for collecting and collating the facts which form the basis of this charming book. His narrative, which is full of interest, carries us through Hungary, Servia, Wallachia, Roumania, Silistria, Bulgaria, and indeed through most of Eastern Europe and Western Asia. Our readers must not expect to find in Mr. Noyes' book chapter upon chapter of dry though useful statistics. His book is essentially a book of travels, of incidents and adventures, experienced among the people of nations but little known in America. The book is at once solid and amusing. Mr. Noyes has written his book in the true spirit of a traveller; he assumes, and rightly, that "Whatever relates to humanity concerns us all; and to know the beliefs and sentiments of our fellow beings, to learn with what songs, traditions and pastimes they amuse each other, interests us more than the dry details of government, or the mere impressions of the passing traveller." "Roumania" is in brief, a faithful chronicle of the every day life of a people among whom he travelled. It is not only a book of rare interest, but it is truly most amusing, and leads the reader on from chapter to chapter with all the charm of a novel. It contains twenty-six characteristic engravings. We commend this pleasant book to our readers as one they ought to purchase and read. It is brought out in excellent style by Messrs. Rudd & Carleton.

A LIST OF THE POST OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES ON JULY 13, 1857; with a Statement of the Existing Rates of Postages, Domestic and Foreign; and Miscellaneous Information, of Value to all Business Men, relative to all Post Office Affairs. Compiled by D. D. T. LAMAR, of the Post Office Department, the Compiler of the Official Tables of Post Offices, Postal Laws and Regulations, in use by all Postmasters. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, No. 15 Ann street.

The title-page of this work is sufficiently comprehensive; it tells its own tale. The information is carefully compiled and clearly stated, explaining all that is necessary to know relative to postal arrangements, home and foreign. This book should be in the hands of every business man, and every one who holds any correspondence should possess a copy. It is well bound, and got up throughout with neatness and care by Dick & Fitzgerald.

We have received from Mr. Leonard Scott the *London Quarterly* and the *North British Review*. We need say nothing of the worth of these publications; they are high-toned and admirable periodicals. Mr. Scott also publishes the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Westminster Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine*. These works are all got out in admirable style, and are published here on the same date as they are in England. They are furnished at a very reasonable rate, and should command a large subscription list in the United States.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—Meyerbeer's fine opera, "Le Prophète," has been performed six times, with the same powerful cast we gave in our last issue. Although the houses did not continue so great as on the first night, they were all brilliantly paying houses, and the results will probably give the management courage to proceed with the undertaking. Herr Formes has fully sustained his reputation, and has firmly established himself in the good opinion of the public. He has a superb voice, and displays every point of the great artist, while as an actor he is grandly impressive.

On Saturday evening, the 12th inst., Flotow's pleasant opera of "Martha" was produced in the German language, the following artists sustaining the principal parts: Madame De La Grange, Madame Von Berkel, Herr Pickensner and Herr Formes. We need hardly say that the performance was a delightful one. We trust that its success in every way will induce the management to repeat it as frequently as possible.

GRAND ORATORIO AT THE ACADEMY.—The manager of the Academy, in conjunction with the Harmonic Society, give a grand oratorio during this week. Haydn's beautiful oratorio of "The Creation" has been selected, and the principal solos will be sung by Madame De La Grange, Miss Milner, Mr. Perrig and Herr Formes. The chorus will be composed of three hundred singers, members of the Harmonic Society, conducted by George Bristow, and the opera orchestra directed by Carl Anschütz. We observe that a great interest has been excited in favor of this performance; nearly all the clergymen of the city having given their names as patrons of the occasion. We hope to see a crowded audience to hear this beautiful composition. It will be finely performed. To hear the glorious voice of Formes in "Rolling in Foaming Billows," will alone be worth the price of admission over and over again.

MILLS, FREZZOLINI AND MAURICE STRAKOSCH.—Maurice Strakosch, the concert tourer par excellence, is en route for Havana, with his charming wife and the elegant Frezzolini. The brief tour of these artists with the two greatest living instrumentalists, Sigismund Thalberg and Henri Vieuxtemps, was highly successful. After separating from them, the Strakosch party gave several concert South, with a success almost unbroken for, considering the hard times; the profits averaging one thousand dollars per week. Strakosch takes Mills, Frezzolini to Havana, to fulfil an engagement with Max Maretzek, after which they will proceed to New Orleans, give concerts there, and work their way up South and West home to New York. We have no doubt that this tour will be as successful as all Strakosch's previous tours have been.

THEODORE ESSELD'S CLASSICAL QUARTETTE SONGS.—These charming and high-toned songs commence on the 29th of the present month. Those who really love fine music should put their names down upon Mr. Esseld's subscription list, for his songs are the most delightful musical reunions of the season. We shall announce the programme in our next.

MADAME GRAEVEN'S CONCERT.—A new and most admirable pianiste, Madame Graeven, made her *début* last week before a New York audience. She is a first-class player. Her touch is firm, light and sympathetic, her execution brilliant and certain, and she displays fine sentiment and the higher attributes of a true artist. We hope to hear her again.

DRAMA.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—This magnificent establishment has been closed for several days, to make the alterations necessary for the new style of performances to be inaugurated this week. The intention was to alter and remodel the interior upon the plan of Astley's Royal Amphitheatre, London. The Broadway Theatre was originally designed with a view to combine in one establishment the magnificent splendors of the arena, the gorgeous beauties of scenic display, together with the severer charms of the classic drama. The management intend, with the aid of the distinguished animal tamer, Mr. Van Amburgh, and the organization of a full equestrian troupe, together with the engagement of artists and actors of the first class, to combine in one

colossal entertainment all the animated wonders of the Zoological kingdom, with the startling splendors of the arena, together with the most brilliant exhibitions of histrionic and scenic skill. The representations will be presented with effects which can be produced only where action upon the stage and the ground can be given simultaneously. Military pieces, with troops of horses and battalions of soldiers, battle scenes, with charges and combats on horseback, storming of works, gorgeous tournaments and evolutions of modern cavalry, pageants and processions, with gigantic cars and classic chariots, &c., and all other exhibitions requiring great space for action and rapidity of motion, will, by this arrangement, become easily attainable, giving full scope to author and artist for the production of dramatic equestrian spectacle on a scale of grandeur hitherto unattempted on this continent. Such is the programme of amusements at the Broadway Theatre, and from the well-known tact, enterprise and liberality of the management, we have no doubt that they will be produced in a style of splendor and perfection that will fully carry out the promise of the official announcement.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—The grand romantic drama of "The Sea of Ice, or the Mother's Prayer," after several weeks of unparalleled success, continues to be so remarkably attractive that the management is compelled to keep it on the bills until further notice. The management laid out large sums of money upon the production of this beautiful drama, and naturally depended upon its intrinsic beauties for a return of the outlay. But even the most sanguine hopes of the management have been more than realized. The reputation of the piece has spread abroad, and from night to night the excitement has been growing, and has resulted in a succession of brilliant houses, the receipts from which will go far towards making up for the "dull time" which affected every establishment.

For the Christmas holidays they are preparing at Laura Keene's a splendid entertainment in the shape of a good old Christmas pantomime, in which the fun, frolic and fancy of harlequin, columbine, clown and pantaloon will delight the young folks and amuse the old.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—This popular establishment is always on the alert to catch the popular fancy; the largest amount of people is the principle of Niblo's popular management, and this principle carried out, as it has been with spirit and liberality, has been found the paying principle. Three comic pantomimes are generally given every evening, in which the brothers Ravel, Gabriel, Antoine and Jerome, Marietta Zanfretta, Young America and a host of other talent appear. The entertainments are all admirable, and need no other recommendation to public patronage than their own merits.

WOODS' BUILDING.—George Christy and Wood's Minstrels are preparing for a grand explosion of fun to astonish the natives with somewhere about Christmas. In the meantime, what with their admirable minstrelsy, which is beyond competition, and their screamingly funny farces, they manage to attract crowded houses, and succeed in sending their visitors away delighted with their visit.

BARNEY'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—"Ha! ha! ha!" says the management. "Come all ye who are heavily grief laden, come and witness the new bill distorting, mirth provoking, dyspepsia curing and blue-devil annihilating production, called 'Laugh and Grow Fat.'" We cannot do better than to reiterate the advice of the management.

EMPIRE HALL, 596 BROADWAY.—The gigantic moving Diorama, depicting the Arctic Voyages of the lamented Dr. Kane, is still open at the above hall. A glowing and thrilling description explains the beautiful paintings, and adds great interest to the exhibition. Our readers should not fail to see the Kane moving Diorama.

All our readers who love the fine arts—and which of our readers does not!—should make a point of visiting the English and French Galleries of Paintings. They are only to be exhibited a short period, so that no one should miss the first favorable opportunity. We can promise all who go a few hours of rare enjoyment.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

JUST as the Court of Penn Yan (N. Y.) was about to adjourn for the term, Holden, a man accused of forgery, made his appearance and peremptorily demanded trial, assuming the air of an injured individual. But that he came forward in a manner so bold his trial would not have taken place, and it is more than probable that he would have escaped prosecution for ever on this charge. But he insisted on being tried; he would not allow so base a charge to overshadow his "fair fame" any longer. He was gratified, found guilty, and was sentenced to the State prison for five years.

Navigation has been resumed on the Erie Canal, from Albany to Buffalo. Boats are arriving at Albany in great numbers, and others departing. This is a great relief to many important interests.

On Saturday last, at Boston, a pontoon train, made in Massachusetts for the Facha of Egypt, was shipped on board a barque bound for Alexandria. It is similar in style to those used in Mexico by Generals Scott and Taylor, and manufactured by the same parties. It consists of twenty-six wagons, and will carry the materials for constructing a bridge three hundred feet in length. It cost upwards of thirty thousand dollars.

The Speaker of the United States House of Representatives receives twelve thousand dollars for each Congress, besides his mileage.

The steamer *Leipzig* has been employed by the Atlantic Telegraph Company in recovering that portion of the cable which was submerged off the coast of Ireland. The inhospitable cable and fifty-three miles of the ocean wire were recovered, when, during a heavy sea, the wire parted. All attempts to recover the remainder have been postponed till the spring. The submerged wire bears no appearance of injury, and the whole of the recovered cable can be used again.

Gov. Chase, of Ohio, has bought for \$14,000 a beautiful residence at Cincinnati. As the Governor is a bachelor, this movement is rather ominous.

The Philadelphia papers say, that notwithstanding the depression of business this year, the amount of coal sent to market from the Pennsylvania regions east of the Alleghenies, will reach seven million tons, valued at the mines at two dollars per ton, and from the bituminous region west of the mountains there will be dug out a million and a half tons, worth three million dollars.

The Ohio wool clip is estimated to exceed that of 1856 by at least three million pounds. The counties in the centre of that State are now as famous for their fine wool as they formerly were for their great crops of wheat. The estimated value is \$6,000,000.

Sugar is said to be selling now in the Louisiana market at four and a half cents per pound, and molasses at from eighteen to twenty cents per gallon.

Seven newspapers in Minnesota have suspended publication, owing to the tightness of the money market.

Bloodhounds are to be used against the Indians in Florida.

The Niagara Falls *Gazette* understands that the proprietors of Goat Island contemplate building an iron bridge from Bath Island to Goat Island, in the place of the present wooden structure. The material will be got in readiness so that the bridge will be erected early in the spring. Last winter during the heaviest runs of ice the bridge exhibited a lack of firmness. The span is short, and the expense will be light compared with that of the bridge from the main shore to Bath Island.

It is proposed to keep the New York harbor free from ice this winter. The insurance companies have subscribed \$20,000 towards carrying out the project. Mr. Schultz purposes to employ three or four steamboats, with false bows, constructed in the shape of a spoon, which slide up on the ice and break it by the weight of the boat. These steamers will be manned by double crews, so as to keep them in motion night and day, from about the middle of December to the middle of March.

The first attempt to launch the Great Eastern is said to have cost £70,000 sterling, over \$300,000.

Professor Morse is said to have retired from the direction of the Transatlantic Telegraph Company.

A curious will case is pending in Dallas county, Ala. Ephraim Pool died last summer, after a short illness. By his will he bequeathed a fortune of \$60,000 to two mulatto women and their children, his own offspring, and gave the drawer of the will a negro for his trouble, besides making him sole trustee, with directions to send these slaves to a free State. The other heirs of Pool contest the will on the ground that he was of unsound mind.

A sea bass was recently landed at San Francisco which measured six feet two inches in length, was four feet four inches in circumference around the thickest part of his body, three feet eight inches around the head, sixteen inches across the feather edge of the tail, and weighed one hundred and eighty-seven pounds.

A lad about thirteen years of age, son of Thomas Hawthorn, of South Carolina, had been helping his father in butchering a few days ago, and had his clothes smeared with blood. In that condition he entered the stable to water and feed the horse, when the smell of blood made the horse frantic, and he attacked the boy, threw him down, and struck him with his fore feet, breaking his thigh bone half way above the knee. The boy managed to crawl under the manger out of the reach of the horse, which then broke loose and rushed out of the stable in a frenzied state. The cries of the boy brought help, and he was found very badly bruised in various parts of his body. The wonder is that he was not killed.

Barneget Light-house, on the New Jersey coast, was blown down a few days since.

A tall, fine-looking United States soldier, at Newport, Kentucky, leaving his detachment was ordered to Utah, deliberately stole a silver watch, and on being arrested, not only admitted the theft, but avowed the watch was to get rid of fighting Uncle Sam's battles at \$12 per month. He was sentenced to thirty days' confinement on bread and water, and will probably be drummed out of the barracks as a deserter and a thief. He would rather be thus disgraced than go to Utah.

An aged and respectable citizen of Danbury, named Ezra Bartriss, went out into the woods to cut trees on Thursday last, and not returning at night, search was made, when his body was found crumpled beneath a tree, which had fallen upon him.



OPENING OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT, QUEEN VICTORIA READING THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT BY THE QUEEN.

On the opening of the XXXIV Congress we gave a particular account of the manner usual to such occasions. The ceremonies are simple, and afforded but little opportunity for descriptive writing; in our present issue we present our readers with a representation of the opening of the Parliament of Great Britain by the Queen, in which are preserved much of the traditional ceremonies which originated in less enlightened times, and which are now retained, more probably for their theatrical effect and from an unwillingness to change, than from any belief in their intrinsic value. This brilliant and imposing ceremony, however, is one of the most interesting of English formalities. The opening of Parliament is an occasion on which all the

beauty, fame and intellect of the nation are assembled together, and the Queen meets her gray-haired counsellors in person, to suggest and advise whatever may be for the prosperity of the realm.

The House of Lords presents an animated and lively scene on the day of opening. Soon after twelve o'clock the galleries are crowded with beauty and fashion, and long before one the body of the house is filled with peeresses and ladies of rank, whose splendid attire gives additional lustre to their personal charms, and one by one enter the noblemen and statesmen on whose wisdom and judgment the weal of England depends.

At Buckingham Palace the scene is no less attractive. The marble hall is filled with groups of splendidly attired officers, attendants, yeomen of the guard, &c., forming, with the gorgeous

decorations of the staircase, a picture of much gaiety and elegance. When the appointed hour of the Queen's departure arrives, the lords in waiting and official gentlemen pass down the magnificent marble staircase, with its balustrades of ormolu and gold, and almost immediately afterwards her Majesty, leaning on the arm of Prince Albert, and followed by the Duchess of Sutherland, &c., sweep by and enter the state carriage, amid the salutations of the people and the triumphant strains of the national anthem.

The approach of her Majesty to the Houses of Parliament is announced by the repeated discharge of artillery, as the state coach, drawn by eight cream-colored horses, draws near the gates, and a prolonged blast of trumpets apprises those assembled therein of her arrival.

The route from Buckingham Palace is one triumphal progress



THE COMMONS AT THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, SUMMONED TO HEAR THE READING OF THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

Streets, balconies and windows are densely crowded with loyal subjects, who stand for hours to secure the chance of one glance at the genial countenance of their beloved Sovereign, and a perfect storm of cheers rises on every side as the cavalcade thunders by on its way to Westminster. No monarch ever beheld the testimony of such living regard unmoved, and it is not strange that the sweet face of Victoria wears a happy smile as she inclines her fair head to the right and left towards her thronging subjects.

The officers of the household and those who attend her Majesty on these occasions, enter the House of Lords from the royal gallery in imposing procession. The cap of maintenance, the sword of state and the crown are borne in front by distinguished noblemen; and the royal lady of England, attended by Prince

Albert, follows, blazing in diamonds, wearing the broad blue ribbon of the Garter on her bosom, and magnificently attired in her robes of state.

It is difficult accurately to describe these splendid draperies. The dress is of white satin brocade, embroidered with gold, and a gorgeous mantle of purple velvet, heavily bordered with ermine, falls in graceful folds around her form. A tiara of almost priceless diamonds surrounds her fair hair with its band of radiance, and her throat and arms are circled with the jewels which have come down from a long line of kings.

The instant her Majesty enters the whole assemblage rises, and she is conducted to the throne by the Prince-Consort. Having reached the magnificent raised dais or platform, which is richly emblazoned with the leonine crest of England, she bows gracefully,

and motions the house to be seated as she takes her place on the massive throne.

No more beautiful sight can be imagined than this womanly and lovely lady, robed in royal splendors, and sitting on the throne of a mighty nation. Even the white-haired statesmen grouped around look upon her with something of a fatherly tenderness, mingled with the reverential respect they owe to their liege mistress and queen.

At the right of her Majesty stands the beautiful Duchess of Sutherland, and the Lady-in-Waiting at the left; both are scarcely inferior to Victoria herself in the gorgeousness of their dress. Prince Albert occupies a chair on the left side of the throne, where the richly-jewelled sword of state is also held; and at the right stands a noble duke, bearing the

crown on a cushion of crimson velvet, elaborately decorated.

When the Queen is seated, the Commons are summoned to the bar by the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, to hear the speech read. The Speaker, attired in official robes for the occasion, and wearing a powdered and flowing wig, appears at the bar, accompanied by the members of the House of Commons, and the glittering mace is carried at his side.

The Lord Chancellor, dressed in his richest robes, approaches the foot of the throne and on his knee presents the speech in a written form to her Majesty, who takes it without rising from his hand, and reads it to the assembled houses amid the most profound silence and attention. Her Majesty is a distinct and beautiful reader, and her musical voice and clear intonation give charm to every sentence of the document.

Having concluded, Victoria rises from the throne, and returns the speech to the Lord Chancellor, from whom she received it, bows graciously, and leaves the House in the original order of procession, amid the loud acclamations of those who have witnessed her graceful and dignified manner throughout the whole scene. The Speaker and Commons return to the Lower House, and thus concludes the annual ceremony of opening Parliament.

The Chamber of Peers is composed of hereditary members, who hold their places for life; the members of the House of Commons are elected for each Parliament by the properly constituted voters of the realm.

TIME! PASS LIGHTLY O'ER HER BROW!

Time! pass lightly o'er her brow!
Gently press that hand of thine;
She is young and lovely now,
And her soul is Virtue's shrine;
In this world there cannot be
One more gentle, good or fair,
And a willing devotee
I would kneel and worship there.

Time! pass lightly o'er her brow!
But should thy relentless way
Lay her youth and beauty low,
Canst thou take her worth away?
In her bosom shines a star,
Radiant as truth can be,
I'd be blest as few men are
Did that star but shine on me!

MRS. SQUIZZLE'S JOURNAL.—NO. IV.

JULY 31st.—Dangerously sick. Disorder, Sary togy fever. Hevnt been able to raise my hand to my hed or rite a word in my journal for bettern three weeks.

Things hes gone on strangely here, I guess—childern fitn one another, and mothers quarrelin, darters koquetin, and young men a flirtin with every purty face they see.

Now these is observations I've taken lyin in bed in a darkend room, and I du sa, solemnly and truly, that if ever I git abil to scrawl out of this little tuckt-up virmin-hole, kawled a bedrum, Ill never set my foot into it agen.

Yes, I hev had an orful time; but the Lord hes karried me safely thru, and the doctor sez Ill be abil tu be on my legs agen this weak.

Brother Blab has ben very kind and attentive, sittin by my side and holdin my hand in hisn, bathin my throbin brough in kamfire wen I was delirious and didnt no nothin at all about it.

Jabez used to kum fussin around ockasionally, but it put me in tu such a fidget that the doctor sed hed better keep awn.

Things wanted tendin tu at hum orful bad, and I new it, so I told him hed better go hum and see tu em, and wen I got well enuf tu be moved Id let him no; and as brother Blab promised tu take the best kind of care of me and sed I shouldnt want for nothin it was in his pour to prokure, Jabez went. He thot Sally Mari had better go with him, for he sed she had got tu be a favorite with a good meny of the gentlemen, and he seemed a little afered tu leve her so much tu herself; but I new it wouldnt du tu let her and her pa both go back tu Konkapot and leve brother Blab and I at Sary togy, so I kept her jist for looks sake, and tu keep that mischief-makin thing, Jeminy Jonsing from talkin about us.

She has spent most of her time in komposin sinse her pa went back, and brother Blab hante let me want for anything.

Last nite there was a grate bawl here; I want abel tu attend, so brother Blab sat by me and red tu me nerely the hull evenin.

Sally Mari she went up with a young man thats been pain his addreses tu her ever sinse weve bin here.

He rit me a very hansum note sain how he fell in luv with my darter the first time he beheld her, and how, if Id allow him her kompany this wun evenin, hed bless me for ever. He sined his name Edwin Montaldo.

Some furrier, sez I, handin the note tu brother Blab. Some lord or kount, no doubt, travelin in disguise.

Brother Blab sed Id better ask him for refurinsis; but I kouldnt abare tu du that, it looked so suspesctful of me; and after his feelin note, I kouldnt think of refusin tu let Sally Mari go with him to the bawl.

Sally Mari she was in extasis when she obtained my konsent, and then she told me that this Mr. Edwin Montaldo was the very man shed seen under her winder the first mornin after our arrival, and he was the hero of her last fusion.

I asked her if she was sure that was his rite name, and she sed she had been led by his konversashun to think he was of noble blud; and then she told how one mornin she met him at the Springs, and how he dropped a letter from his pocket, but he didnt parseve it until she handed it tu him; on pickin it up she observed it was addrest tu Lord Egilstone.

She sed he looked quite hurt when he saw shed red the name; he took the letter and put it in his pocket without sain a word.

This was enuf tu satisfy me that he was a man of konsekuensi; so I questioned her no further.

I felt so much better in the evenin that I sat up awile, and helped Sally Mari tu dress.

She wore her best, of kourse, and I never saw her begin tu look haf as well as she did that nite.

She wore an azurine blu silk (hevy enuf tu stand alone), fourteen founses on the skirt, and each founse trimed with three rose of red, white and blu satin ribin; then the body and sleeves of the dress was all covered with stars tu represent the flag of our union; her hoops was unkomon large afore, but she made em a full yard larger around that nite, for she sed she ment tu spread sum, and besides Montaldo thought she would look better to expand more.

Of kourse I kouldnt rase no objection tu that, for he was a furrier and new how the real, genuine French ladys did dress.

I let her ware my watch, breast pin and braselit, all of solid gold, for I didnt want em myself, and I was determined that Sally Mari should outshine every other gal in the bawlroom; and I guess she did.

After she had put on her heddress, which was komposed of red poppies, bluebells and white roses, with streamers of red, white and blu ribin, she went to the glas, and looked at herself.

She was satisfide with hur looks, and sot down by the winder to wait for Montaldo.

Purty soon she called me to kum and look out of the winder. Here he is passin, sez she. I was purty week yet, but I maniged to get there jist in time tu see him.

He was dressed beautifully; had a hansom shinin band around his hat, a funny-lookin coat with kapes all bound around with white, white pantaloons and white gloves. He was standin on a kind of platform at the back of the coach—a real good kontrivance to keep one from gettin their clothes all rinkled-up; and I told Sally Mari afterwards I wondered why the ladys didnt git up some such a fashion.

I noticed that there was two or three very plain drest pursens inside. Sally Mari sed she guessed they was all his servents, for she

had seen him stop and speak tu them most every day when they had been out a walkin.

Sally Mari had been drest full three ours, and it was exactly half-past nine when Montaldo cum for her. I dont wonder Sally Mari was smit with him, fur he was certainly the agreeablest and affablest young man I ever met.

I hope youll have a pleasant time, sez I, as they went out. Thank you, sez he, Ill take good kare of your darter, and bring hur back safe.

About ten o'clock there began such a caperin, and runnin and stampin of fete over hed, that I thot I should go of intu fits for a few minits, but I soon got uste to it, and about levin o'clock I asked brother Blab to jest go up and se how he liked Sally Mari's stile of dansin.

I new she could danse the Varsuvyanny as well as any gal in the room; and as fur the Esmyrally and Hiland fling, she couldnt be beet at Sarytozy, nor any other togy.

Brother Blab he didnt approve of dansin, I new, and I thought if he was wonce tu see the little feet and hansome ankills a flyin around it mite be the menes of nocking sum of his foolish-noshins out of him, and that was the wun grate reason I had for askin him to go up. He went, it is tru, rather reluktunt, and he was gon an our or more afore he kum back.

When he did kum, he sot for a long time without sain a word. I began to get unesy, and at last sez I, Well, brother Blab, you havnt told me yet how you liked Sally Mari's stile of dansin.

I havnt seen hur danse, sez he; there was tu meny hooped skurts and founses in the room fur me to see anything else.

Didnt you see Sally Mari at all? sez I. Yes, sez he, I found hur at last, awa back in the corner tu, a settin chunk up to a furrin-lookin feller, and both to all appearance in klose konversashun.

I see brother Blab was a little put out about somethin, so sez I, O, thats nothin, brother Blab. The gentleman she went with is a furrin looking feller, but he is a gentleman notwithstanding.

How do you no, sez he; what's his name? I have reasons fur suspectin his real name is Lord Egilston, sez I, but he wont allow Sally Mari to call him anything else but Montaldo; he wont even have the Mister put to it, and Sally Mari likes it; she sez its so romantick.

I have reason to think he's a grate skoundrel sed brother Blab.

I looked at him in astonishment a minite, and then the thought cum like a flash of litten over me that brother Blab would like to git Sally Mari himself.

Yes, I could se it all; he was jelous of Montaldo.

I didnt want to git into any argument with him, so sez I, if youll jest hand me Sally Mari's portfolio off from the desk there I will look over hur last poetry, and if I find anything worth herein Ill rede it aloud to you.

Sez he, sister Squizzle—and as he sed sister Squizzle, he tuk hold of my hand, and aqese it in an affectionate kind of a way—Sister Squizzle, sez he, you can, you must no that anything your darter rites, sez or dux is as interestin to me as the sams of David.

He sed no more, but lened back in his chair and sied.

I sied to, as I looked the papers over; at last I cum to one that I new had been jest rit, and hoping it mite difuse a kalm through brother Blab's disturbed mind, I-red it aloud. It was ritten immediately after an interview with Montaldo, and was heded

MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.

O what's the use fur me to try
To restle aginst fate,
Where ere I turn I mete his eye,
My hart betes fast, and I kant tell why;
And when we mete, he heves a si,
And sez, O, Sally Ann* Mari,
No longer hes—I—tate.

Your golden locks, so soft and lite,
I alers did admire;
New drest be mad, my hart's delite,
If I did steal a curl last nite,
I felt, I new I had the rite,
Oh, sa that you forgive me quite,
My luv, my harts desire.

Your cheeks are of the roses hu,
The day Ill neer forget,
When first I met your eyes of blu,
My hart, alas! away it flu,
And in your bosom, tender, tru,
A resting pla e it found, I nu,
O, did it not, my pet?

* Ann, not bein the gowine name, was put in tu help the ryme.

I reckon Brother Blab was struck dum with astonishment. I no I was: we kouldnt either of us sa one word, so we both set and sied reglarly fur haf an our; first he sied, then I sied; and then he got up and sed he guessed hed retire, as he didnt feel quite well.

I didnt like to ask him rite out to go up to the bawl room agin and look arter Sally Mari; so I sed Id like tu know about what time the bawls broke up, as Sally Mari ortu be down stares and in bed then.

He sed he didnt no, but he presumed they would danse till dalite; he didnt even as youd rite to me as usual, and I see from his manner that he was really in an onhappy mood.

I expect Sally Maris last fusion didnt exactly suit him. No dont he would like tu substitute the name of Brother Blab for that of Montaldo. I wonder if he ever had an idee that a young, harnsome gal like Sally Mari would throw herself awa on an oid chap like him! If he did, the sooner hes bete out of the noshun the better. I shall take particalar pains to sa to-morrow in his presense that I do not like to see a coupl marry without payin some regard to the disparagement of years. I guess hell take. Dalite is peepin over the hills; I wonder why Sally Mari dont come.

August 1st.—I am in a state of mind borderin on distrachshun. My hull frame is in agitation, and my hand trembles so that I kan hardly hold my pen.

I have met with a grate and unreparable loss. Yes, the teres run down my cheeks while I rite it. My gold watch, breast pin and braselits gone, the Lord only nos where.

O! the ordacity, the desent and wickedness of mans hart. Ma the Lord on hi punish the mean, unprincipled feller as he deserves, for dupin and diseavin a innocent young lady, and then robin her of all her jewelry, and mine too. But I antispate.

Tu begin back where I left off. I fell into a dose and slept until a loud nookin at the door waked me up.

Whose there? sez I. Nobody but me and yer darter, sez Brother Blab. Let us in as quick as possibul.

I thot his voice sounded rather strange, and I wondered what he could be a doin with Sally Mari.

I riz, slipt on my parmlefe dressin-ground all fased up with red velvet and trimed with black bugels, and after tyin on my mornin kap that Sally Mari worked for me when she was awa tu skool, I opend the dore.

I kant find words to discribe the site that met my eyes. Suffice it to sa there stood Brother Blab, a holdin Sally Mari out at arms length, the lookinist site I ever beheld in all my born days.

Hur flag of our Union drest that kost twenty-five dollars kountin the makin and trimin, was all torn intu strings; her hooped skurt was intirely gone, and so was all her ornaments, even her ererings and finger rings, and her hair hung in dissheveled masses.

It is needless tu ad I fell down in a faintin fit, screemin every breth I drew. An our after, when I kum to so as to be sensible, I discovered Sally Mari a weepin over me, and Brother Blab with his hands in the extremity of his pockets, a lookin orfuly sad and solemcholy.

Tell me the wurst, sez I, risin up in bed, fur I kant abare this expense no longer.

Sally Mari she never sed a word, only she ke t a kriin jest as loud as she kould kry, and I thort her hart had busted.

Speke, Brother Blab, and tell me the meanin of this upore, sez I, kastin an appealin look tu him.

I new somethin orful had come over him, for he kramed his hands still further intu his pockets, and at last sez he,

Madams, yer darters bin imposed upon, and would have been ruind if providence hadnt interfered in hur behaf, and upost hur. I w—rite in my konjektures. Montaldo has proved himself a skoundril.

I took a long breth, and he continued:

He is a skoundril and beise desever. In fact, madam, he is no lord or kount, as you may hev flattered yourself; but a poor, miserable, lyin feller, by the name of Jack Stimps, a lackey or survent

to an inglish gentleman, who he persunated, for the sake of makin his own fortune out of yewr darter.

At this momint Sally Mari's distress inkreased to sich a state that Brother Blab was obliged to give hur sum kamfire and water. That seemed to revive hur in a mesure, and he proceeded to go on.

You rekollect, madam, that I warned you last nite—

No matter about last nite, sez I, spekin rather sharp, jest go on with your story.

He looked a little konfused, but he kontinued—

As I sed before, last nite, probably, while they was settin chunk up in that air kornet, this lackey, Jack Stimps, purposed to your darter, and strange tu sa, she promised to marry him unbeknowing tu hur friends.

O, ma, sez Sally Mari, he teased me so that I kouldnt refuse, and then I thought it would be so romantick like.

Sally Mari, sez I (and I spook with emphasis), dont interrupt Brother Blab agin until he gits thru; and then she put hur hankercher up to hur faze agin, and Brother Blab he kontinued:

As I sed before, madam, your darter konsented tu eloop with this feller, thinkin undoutfully he was a lord in disguise. About four o'clock this mornin he prokured the coach of his master, Mr. B—, took a seat inside as though he was lord and master of the establishmint, and with your darter Sally Mari by his side, started oph at a dashin pase to git the not tide. I guess he had a greane driver, fur the horses soon became mismanigible, and in triin to turn a short kornet they was upstot, the coach broke all tu smash, and the kontents skatt red along the hiwa. I was sittin by my winder, and I see the hull affare. I run down, of kourse, as quick as I could, but bein a little laim it took me some time to git tu the plaice of the disastur.

When I did git there at last, the real, geniwine owner of the coach was on the spot, and he was supportin your darter in his arms. His survent, Jack Stimps, was no where tu be seen, and Sally Mari was striped of hur finery as you now behold hur. Mr. B— resined your darter tu my kare as soon as I kame up, and desired me tu express his regrets to you for what had happend. Sed hed kawled himself only that hed hered you was indisposed.

O, Sally Mari! sez I, as soon as Brother Blab had finished. How kould you be so indiscrete; you have made yourself the lafn stock of Sarytozy. Only think of the disgrace and mortifeshun of havin everybody no of your engagemint to Mr. B—'s survent.

Yes, and the sily affare is in everybody's mouth aredy, sez Brother Blab. Id advise ye to git awa from here jist as soon as you kan.

Ill go, bag and bagidge, this afternoon, sez I, but I want tu see that Mr. B—, and have a little konversashun with him.

Brother Blab sed hed tell him tu kum up, so I ariz, helped Sally Mari tu take oph what there was left of the flag of our union, and then went tu lookin up somethin else for her tu put on.

But we soon kum tu a full stop; her hooped petticut was gone entirely, and, of kourse, she kouldnt think of dressin without one, so she krawled intu my bed and I kovered her up and drawd the kurtins klose around the bed, and then prepared to reseave Mr. B.

I had jist thrown myself intu the big rocker, took my empty smelin bottle in my hand and put on an air of afflickshun, when a gentle rap was herd at my dore.

Kum in, sez I, in a faint voice. As the dore opened, I opened my eyes, and who should I behold a standin there but that air good-for-nothin ill-kontrived mischief-makin old made, Jeminy Jonsing. I kouldnt speak a word.

My deer Mrs. Squizzle, sez she, walkin rite in and setin herself, I hered of your sickness by your afflicted husband, and I felt it a duty inkumbent upon me, as a sister of the same church, tu kum rite up and sea you; tu inquire intu the state of your body and mind, and asurtain whether you needed anything temporil or spirituil.

Thank ye, marm, sez I, drawin myself up with dignity, my bodily helths improvin and my mind is in a komposed state; as for spirituil advise, brother Blab has bin nere by, and he has took kare that I shouldnt want for that.

I kould see that she didnt relish that last remark of mine, so sez I, Im sorry you left Konkapot jist for the sake of kumin up here tu minister tu my wants.

Its a plesure, and alers was, for me tu visite the sik, sez she. How does your darter Sally Mari bare her disapintment? and, as she sed this, she gave me a spiteful kind of a luke jist as much as tu sa ye see I no it all.

Disapintment, sez I, expressin as much astonishment in my looks as I kould under the surkumstansis, praps, I dont take my menin. Praps I kan explaine it tu your satisfakashun, sez she, lookin more malishus than ever. Its the talk of the hull town how she started tu antelope with Mr. B.'s survent.

Ha! ha! ha! sez I, laffin in an unconsumed kind of a wa; antelope! ha! ha! Jist luke in Webster's dikashunary wen you git a chance and find out the menin of the word antelope. I sea you hav herd but haf of the story. The survent warnt tu blame for obeyin his marsters orders. If Mr. B. told him tu kum tu the hotel and take my darter out tu ride, hose bines was it if Mr. B. did intend tu meet her. If the survent was bareless and turned over, it warnt Mr. B.'s falt, the he felt bad enuff about it. If Sally Mari was ingaged tu Mr. B. insted of his survent, as sum jellus girls and their manoverin mas hev reported, its no more than eny of em would du if they kould git the chance. Mr. B— is a gentleman, and is a edmin tu apolgise; I expect him every minite. Praps I may listen to his sute, and yet give my konsent to his purposal for the hand of my darter, and praps not.

Jest at that minite there kum another rap at my dore.

There he kums, sez I. I shall have tu request you tu leve us alone fur a few minits, Miss Jonsing. I dont think the man would like to unbusom his feelins afore a stranger.

Jeminy got up as I sed this and walked out, lookin mad enuf tu kill.

At the dore stood Mr. B— and brother Blab waitin tu kum in. Brother Blab was quite as much took down as I was to meet Miss Jeminy Jonsing. And what do you think the brazin thing sed? Sez she, I want tu see you a minite, brother Blab.

Yes, sez he, Ill cum down in the parler in a minite, and then he left her standin there, and kum rite intu my room with Mr. B—. Mr. B— didnt wait for an introduction, but the minit he set eyes on me he kum up; and, sez he (taking my hand in hisn), I regret madam, that the raskality of my survent has drawed your darter intu an unplesent predickamint, and shall be happy to do anything in my power to have the offender brout to justis.

Thanky, sir, sez I. I felt sure, and I told my darter, Sally Mari, that the feller was of no count; I new it from the hang-my-dog expression about his faise. And Sally Mari, she's young, innisent and unexperienced, I guess she's larnt a lesson that she wont forgit tu hur dyin da.

Sein he didnt say nothin tu my last remark, I asked him if he didnt think the jewelry that the feller had took kould be rekovered?

What did he take? sez he.

He took my gold watch, a birthday present from Mr. Squizzle, my husband, sez I; also a braselit and breastpin, all of pure solid gold.

Im surprised, sez he; but Ill go and take immediate steps to have the thefe arested. I shud have dun it afore, mam, if I had a nown the extent of his raskality.

Brother Blab was a goin to foller him out, but I kalled him back, and sez I, brother Blab, dont you tell that mischef-makin thing, down stairs, anything about Sally Maris luv affare, will ye?

No, sez he.

As tru as you live? sez I.

As tru as I live, sez he.

There; now you may go a little while, sez I: kum back soon, tho. And if Miss Jeminy Jonsing asks tu see me again, jest tell her my narvus sistim is under a grate excitement, and the doctor wont allow nobody admittans intu my room tu da.

I thot I hered a rustlin in the bed, and after brother Blab had gone, I went and peiked behind the kurtin, and there sot Sally Mari on one of my pillers, with a pensil and paper in her hand a ritin poetry.

The Lord presave us, sez I, raisin my hands in astonishment.

Dont sa a word, ma, sez she, I am inspired, and if you speke, the brite thotall all fly awa.

I sed no more, but went and sot down in my big rocker and rum-minatid until she handed me the followin:

MAIDEN KONSOLASHION.

The beautiful, brite and bejazzelin dresse,
Has faded, yee faded and gone!
O if men would only apere what they seeme,
I shouldnt be mournin alone.

My heart best affections has bin throne awa
On one who unworthy has proved;
Alas! he the part of a rascal did pla,
And I, 'twas Montaldo I loved.

It want the little dilliver Jack Stimpel
I loved the young skapegrase? No, no,
I sooner form leage with old Satan and mast
Than wed with a survant so lo.

The flag of our Union he tore into shreds;
Mas watch he has taken by theft;
Of my new krinoline he has not left a shred,
And I've only my karrieter left.

Well, he's out sticks they say, and I as let him went;
Theres others that's better than he
Flockin round by the dozen, so I am content
From my luv and my vows to be free.

You have the rite spirit about it, sez I to Sally Mari. I think
its the best pease youve rit. If you kould, have got in somethin
about the state of my feelins when the terrible truth was made
nawn to me, I think it wold have bin an improvement.

As soon as Brother Blab kums up Ill send him out tu see if he
kan git yere another krinolin, and then you must git rite up and
Ill help you dress, and well go down into the parlor and hold our
heds up. I want tu let em no here afore we go awa that it takes
somethin of konsequense tu dash us.

I wonder if Brother Blab is a goin tu sta and talk with that air
Jeminy Jonsing all da.

I think its time he kum up tu attend tu my wants.

MASONIC CELEBRATION.

Centennial Anniversary of St. John's Lodge No. 1, of N. Y.
St. John's Lodge No. 1 celebrated the hundredth year of its
existence on Monday evening, December 7th. It is, we believe,
the oldest Masonic Lodge in the United States, and its records
prove that every year during its hundred years of existence, it
has opened in due form and elected its officers, not omitting to
do this even during the period of the terrible Morgan excitement,
when Masonry for a time seemed all but extinct.

The Grand Lodge Room was decorated in admirable taste.
At the upper end of the room was an American flag, over which
were the arms of the "St. John's Lodge," and around the
room were displayed several flags inscribed as follows:

Sholto, Lord Aberdour,
Grand Master,
December, 1757.

Hon. John L. Lewis, Jr.,
Grand Master,
December, 1857.

"Constant in Love, Sincere in Friendship." "Honor, Secrecy,
Fidelity." "To the Memory of Vitruvius, Wren, Angelo, and
other noble Artists." "Temperance, Prudence, Benevolence,
Love, Relief and Truth." "May every Brother have a Heart to
feel, and a Hand to give." "Faith, Hope and Charity." "May the
Emblems of a Mason ever remind him of his Duty." The following
distinguished Masons were present: R. W. Deputy Grand Master
Robert Macoy, as Most Worshipful Grand Master; M. W. Wm. H. Milnor, P. G. M., New York; R. W.
James M. Austin, G. S.; R. W. and Rev. John Gray, Grand
Chaplain; R. W. John V. Henry, J. G. D.; R. W. John W.
Simons, P. S. G. W.; R. W. Charles S. Church, G. T. and P. M.
of St. John's Lodge; W. Charles L. Newton, G. S. B.; W.
James Taylor, Grand Organist; W. James M. Baldwin, P. M.,
St. John's. Other Grand Lodges were represented as follows:
Connecticut, R. W. Joseph D. Evans; New Jersey, R. W. G.
Tisdall; Oregon, R. W. Wm. B. Stafford; South Carolina, R.
W. John F. Entz; Arkansas, R. W. Daniel T. Walden.

There were also present the M. W. Past Grand Masters of
Connecticut and New Jersey, W. E. Sanford and Daniel B.
Bruen, and the R. W. Deputy Grand Master of New Jersey,
Isaac Van Wagoner. There was also a very large attendance of
Master Masons, among whom was R. W. Bro. Lewis Seymour,
who was elected Master of the Lodge in 1811.

List of the Officers of St. John's Lodge No. 1, for 1857.

F. G. Tisdall, Master; A. H. Drummond, S. W.; J. Mix, Jr.,
J. W.; Wm. Scott, Secretary; C. L. Church, Treasurer; C. H.
Brown, S. D.; J. C. Walker, J. D.; H. C. Watson, Organist;
J. H. Hearsey, Geo. Peyton, M. C.; H. Glosser, J. H. Church,
Stewards. For the digest of the proceedings we are indebted to
our Brother of the Express.

The Lodge Opened.

The Worshipful Master, Fitzgerald Tisdall having taken his
seat, the Lodge was opened in the M. M. Degree, after which
the Holy Bible was opened at the chapter and verse upon which
Washington took his inaugural oath:

"And Joseph fell upon his father's face and worshipped him and blessed
him."—Genesis 48: 10.

Metropolitan Lodge, headed by its W. M. Minard, was next
introduced by the W. P. M., Edwin Smith, Past Master. The
Lodge was welcomed by the W. M., and the Master offered a seat
beside him. W. B. Minard appropriately responded.

A most impressive prayer having been offered by the Grand
Chaplain, Right Worshipful and Rev. John Gray, an Ode was
sung of which the first verse was as follows:

Though to realms of day unfading
Our departed sires have gone;
They this festive scene pervading,
By the power of love are won
Still to mingle
In the rites in which they shone.

History of the Lodge.

An historical account of the Lodge from the time it first ob-
tained its charter, during the period of the Revolutionary War,
the war of 1812, the Morgan excitement, &c., was then read by
the Master of the Lodge; it included some most interesting
particulars, not the least of which was that the Bible of the
Lodge, the same now in use, was the one upon which George
Washington took the oath of fidelity to the Constitution of the
United States, the said oath being administered by M. W. Hon.
Robert R. Livingston, Grand Master of the Order and Chancel-
lor of the State, also a member of the St. John's Lodge. The
same Bible was also carried at the funeral of the Father of his
Country, he being buried by the Lodge. Another interesting
portion of the sketch was the record that Joseph Burnham was
made a Mason in 1778, and that during the Revolutionary
War having been made a prisoner by the British, he escaped
and took refuge in the house called the Green Bay Tree
tavern, in Fair street, kept by Brother Hopkins, commonly
called Daddy Hopkins, where the Lodge used to hold its meet-
ings; Hopkins hid Burnham in the room above, when the floor-
ing gave way and he fell in the midst of the brethren beneath,
who were mostly British officers, to their great astonishment,
and they sent for Hopkins, who was also Tyler, who at once
confessed the whole matter, whereupon they not only forgave
but praised his fraternal charity, and having contributed a
purse for Brother Burnham, gave Brother Hopkins directions
to see him safe out of the reach of the British. A lieutenant of
a frigate in the service of the Imam of Muscat, named Mahmoud
Juma, a Mahomedan, was initiated in the Lodge in 1840; a
difficulty occurred in the Lodge not having a Koran, but the
candidate having asked if they had a book which told of the
great I AM, and being answered in the affirmative, said, "Then
that's Koran enough for me," and he accordingly became a
member of the St. John's Lodge. The Lodge also took part in
the funeral of M. W. Andrew Jackson, Past Grand Master of

Tennessee, and in 1840 the Lodge attended the funeral of
Zachary Taylor, at which the Washington Bible was carried.
Henry Clay in this year was elected an Honorary Member, and
addressed to the Lodge the following letter:

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16, 1840.

DEAR SIR:—I have received with many thanks and lively gratitude your
favor of the 13th inst., transmitting a resolution adopted by St. John's Lodge,
No. 1, in New York, expressing their approbation of my exertions to procure
the peace and stability of the Union of these States, and constituting me an
Honorary Member of the Lodge. I beg you to present my respectful acknow-
ledgments to the Lodge, and assure its members that although I have ceased
for many years to attend Masonic Lodges, I appreciate very highly the com-
pliment of making me an Honorary Member of St. John's Lodge.

I am, dear Sir and Brother,

With great respect, your obd't serv't,

F. G. TISDALL, ESQ., W. M.

H. CLAY.

The Lodge, in 1851, participated in the funeral ceremonies of
Henry Clay, and afterwards, with its Bible, in the celebration
in honor of the centenary of Washington as a Mason. The
sketch was received with great applause, and at its conclusion
an Ode was sung, of which the opening verse was as follows:

One hundred years ago to day, this Lodge received the right
To make of all good men and true, Soda of Masonic light;
How meet upon the level teach; how part upon the square;
How feed the poor, the naked clothe; how dry the widow's tear.

Oration by Br. Milnor.

The M. W. Bro. W. H. Milnor, P. G. M. of the Grand Lodge
of the State of New York, then delivered an oration, illustra-
tive of the principles, the mission, and the antiquity of the
order. It abounded in beautiful imagery and scriptural illus-
trations, and was listened to with deep attention. The anti-
quity of Masonry, he said, dated from the exodus of the Jews
from Egypt, and the establishment of the tabernacle in the
wilderness; its principles were true charity, as illustrated by
St. Paul, and its mission to prepare for the day when "every
valley should be exalted, and every hill brought low." Masonry
was working for the advent of that glorious day, "making
straight in the desert a highway for our God."

The address was listened to with deep attention and warmly
applauded.

Courtesies.

The Right Worshipful Robert Macoy, D. G. M., having been
saluted with the usual honors, made a few remarks complimen-
tary of the manner in which the history of the Lodge had been
prepared; he particularly recommended Lodges to be careful in
the choice of a Secretary, as through him only could the his-
tory of a Lodge be faithfully transmitted to posterity.

W. M. Tisdall responded, and as an illustration said, that in
compiling these records he found some of them had been de-
stroyed by the fire of 1770, so that he could only observe a few
figures, "152," on the margin of the Charter, and on writing
to the Grand Lodge of England, they found that that Most
Worshipful Body did not erase the Lodge from the roll till 1813.
He then produced the hat worn by the Master of the Lodge in
1770, amid great applause, after which an Ode was sung, the
first verse being as follows:

One hundred years since dawned the morn
On which the Seer St. John was born
Had passed, when the dearest
Of his dear Lord—the Word—
Called him from labor to his rest,
In glorious regions of the blessed,
To the Eternal Lode above,
Abode of happiness and love.

The Right Worshipful and Rev. R. L. Schoonmaker, Grand
Chaplain, then pronounced the benediction, and the Lodge was
closed in the usual manner.

The musical arrangements were under the direction of Bro.
Henry C. Watson, Past Grand Organist, assisted by Bros. Caf-
erty, Johnson, Aikman and Roath. The three Odes sung were
original; the words having been written by distinguished
Brethren, and the music by Bros. W. Vincent Wallace and
Henry C. Watson.

The Supper.

Grace was said by the R. W. and Rev. R. L. Schoonmaker,
Grand Chaplain. After the cloth was removed, several toasts
were drunk and duly honored, the concluding toast being to the
"Wives, Mothers, Sisters and Daughters of Masons."

Letters were read from the following brethren: that from
Provincial G. M. Harrington, of Toronto, contained \$20 to the
St. John's Benevolent Fund; M. W. Bro. the Hon. Lewis Cass,
P. G. M. Michigan; M. W. Bro. Hon. B. B. French, and M. W.
Geo. O. Whiting, G. M. District of Columbia; M. W. and Hon.
John L. Lewis, G. M. of New York; Hon. R. H. Walworth,
P. G. M.; Joseph Evans, P. G. M.; M. W. and Hon. Wm. B.
Hubbard, Grand Master of Templars of the United States; M.
W. Thomas Douglas Harrington, P. G. M. Quebec, &c.; R. W.
and Hon. Dean S. Wright, P. S. G. W. New York; R. W. Jas.
A. Henderson, Kingston, C. W.; Wor. C. Moore, Editor *Masonic
Review*, Cincinnati, Ohio; M. W. Joseph Trimble, G. M. New
Jersey, and R. W. Wm. Gray Clarke, G. Sec. G. Lodge of Eng-
land, &c., &c., &c., regretting inability to attend.

A Horse, Dog and Drake.

WHEN the American army in the Revolution lay at Valley Forge,
during the inclement winter of 1779-80, the stable of the governor,
then a colonel in the army, was tenanted by three inhabitants, of
species the most diverse, but of affection the most cordial and
united—a horse, a dog, and a drake. No sooner did the horse lie
down at night than the dog came and lay close by his side, and the
drake as invariably crept into the little oval nest created by the dog's
legs, head and body. In this position they passed the cold winter
nights, and were invariably found by the servant the next morning.
The dog and the drake became devoted friends. At the close of
every meal, they resorted to the colonel's quarters to be fed, and
the shaking of the tablecloth was a signal for a race between the dog
and the drake which would arrive first and get the nicest bits
of their common repast. Usually the race was a pretty even one, the
drake making up for the shortness of his legs by the activity of his
wings. At length, however, there came a deep, light snow. At
noon the tablecloth was shaken as usual, and the dog commenced
the race of bounding through the snow, and was soon near his
dinner. Not so with the drake. He commenced his usual career
with great impetuosity, but soon began to tumble from one hole into
another, until he became exhausted. But what did the dog do?
Did he rush on and devour his meal alone? By no means. He mis-
sion his companion, looked behind, and saw him struggling in the
snow; he galloped back, took the drake gently in his mouth, and
bore him off to share the meal of his noble-minded companion.

The Habits of the Alligator.

ALLIGATORS' nests resemble haycocks. They are four feet high
and five in diameter at their bases, being constructed of grass and
herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a layer of mortar,
and having severed this with a stratum of mud and herbage, eight
inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the
top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest.
With their tails they beat down round the nest the dense grass and
reeds five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies.
The female watches her eggs until they are all hatched by the heat
of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending
them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutzemburg, of New
Orleans, told me that he once packed up one of these nests with eggs
in a box for the Museum of St. Petersburg, but was recommended
before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being
hatched on the voyage. On opening one, a young alligator walked
out, and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred, which he
fed in his own house, where they went up and down stairs whining
and tarking like young puppies.

CHESS.

Answers to Correspondents.

All communications intended for the Chess department should be addressed to the
Chess Editor.

PAUL MORPHY.

His extraordinary young Chess player was still in this city up to Dec. 12th.
His match with the former Chess Champion of the United States was not con-
cluded since our last report of their encounter, and according to a prelimi-
nary agreement between the parties, Mr. Stanley being the absentee, the
match is decided in favor of Mr. M. by default.

Mr. Morphy is, apparently, invincible. His late success with Mr. Schulten,
well-known to the Chess world, convinced us that nothing can withstand his
formidable assaults. Mr. Schulten saved one game out of twenty-three—Mr.
M. winning the remainder. No drawn games. More anon.

—We promise full answers in our next to the following friends and corre-
spondents: G. W. B., H. L. H., Athos, Orlando B. Hall, T. French, M. M. L.,
Chelsea; T. M. Brown, J. D., Portland; W. Fowler, Middletown; Harr., Am-
herst College; C. A. Libby, C. A. Shaw, and Fort Deposit Chess Club.

G. W. B., Waterbury.—You are correct in your analysis of 103. If Black takes
P with Q for his first move, White must not check with Q on K 5 for his
second—as given in the published variation. P takes Q instead, and—"any-
thing on the board" for Black, mate follows on the third move.

LAW STUDENT, Yale.—Can't be helped just then. We neglect no one. Sooner
or later.

M. W., New Bedford.—It is indeed a pleasure to receive such a friendly letter.
We have not space, else we should publish the whole. Watch for our next
paper.

J. B. LALLY, Louisville.—Thanks for your contribution. We reluctantly defer
its examination until next week. Your analysis on the game played between
Messrs. Morphy and Paulsen will require due consideration.

C. F. and W. W. JOHNSON, Owego.—Both neat contributions; the "Knight
Errant" and "Nemesis" will appear in due time. Accept our sincere
thanks. Address Mr. Strong, 98, instead of 102 Nassau street.

E. E., St. John, N. B.—We acknowledge your correct solution of 102.

J. WALLWORK and E. S. PLATT, Toledo.—We deemed it almost impossible to
reply with our last offer, from so numerous calls of the like character.
We trust that their publication will answer as well. If regularly organized,
forward a list of your officers.

W. W. K., St. Louis.—We hope that our assortment of problems has safely
reached you. Our censure of your first concoction will be of the "gentle
kind." It is highly creditable to your skill, and in due season will emerge
from our portfolio, to be thrown into a diagram. No. 4 will not answer;
solvable in four moves, as follows:

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 B to QR 8	K moves
2 R to QB	K "
3 R to QB 6	K "
4 B mates.	

No. 5, "Courage and Craft," is a really pretty combination. Keep on, now
and; with such first attempts you must succeed in the higher branches in
this line. Of course this last will meet with the fate of the first one. Nos.
2 and 3 have not reached us. We supposed they were intended for the same
channel; such is our inference from the others being numbered. Solution
of 103 correct.

H. R. HAPLEY, Bonville.—We were compelled to adopt this measure as seen
in our last.

J. H. M.—We acknowledge your pretty compliment. That suit-mate is an
exceedingly neat composition. Will be published as early as possible.
Want of space forbids us to answer questions contained in your last. In
our next. Nos. 4 and 5 as well.

ARKANSAS.—Our distant friend, look!

THO—Have we transgressed so enormously that our friend keeps silent?
Come, let us know!

E. A. B., Charleston.—The compliment is not undeserved, for we notice merit
in other respects. All three duly received. In your last solution of 103,
Black's defence is incorrect. If Q or R captures any of the pieces on the first
move, mate follows on the next. Du courage, and you will succeed with the
stamina that you possess. *Vest juste, il n'y en a pas de plus noble.*

H. L. H.—Solution of 103 wrong. Black Q takes P; then, according to your
version of it, neither K can mate on L's succeeding move. Please send a
solution of your problem. Your question is not clearly understood.

C. J. J., College St. James, Md.—We owe you an apology. Your first contri-
bution was inadvertently overlooked. Solvable in three moves, thus:

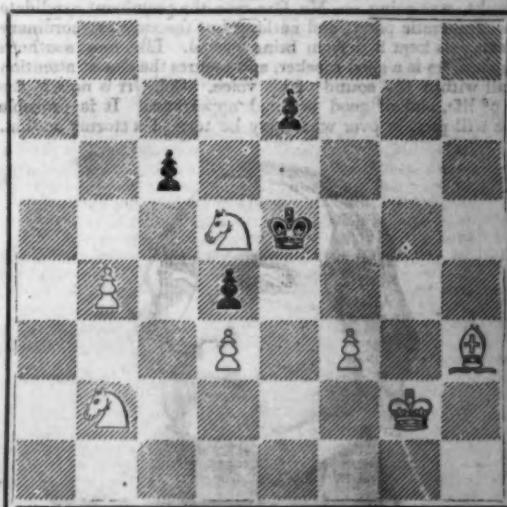
WHITE.	BLACK.
1 R to Kt (ch)	Kt to Kt
2 R (ch)	K to K 3
3 Kt to QB 7 mate.	

Accept our thanks for the other, which we reserve for a future diagram.

J. A. P., Salem.—Sincerely obliged for your own solution of 104. Whatever
has happened concerning Mr. Brown's problem, is perhaps our fault; we
have depended too much upon his analytical acumen for a flaw which his
productions might contain, but we find that it cannot be done any longer.
We shall be under the necessity of "rapping him gently over the knuckles"
for his transgressions. *Appropos*, we always welcome friends, even if they do
not send us contributions; therefore you are the one to be blamed, for we
have not heard from you for a short eternity. If we have not written about
"certain matters," it is because we are pressed with business and a host of
correspondence. All in time.

MONUMENTAL.—The Baltimore Chess Club meets daily at the Library, Athenaeum
Building. Secretary, Amb. A. White, Esq.
BISHOP, Little Falls.—They were published in last week's issue.

PROBLEM CVI.—By "ARKANSAS." White to play and mate in five moves.

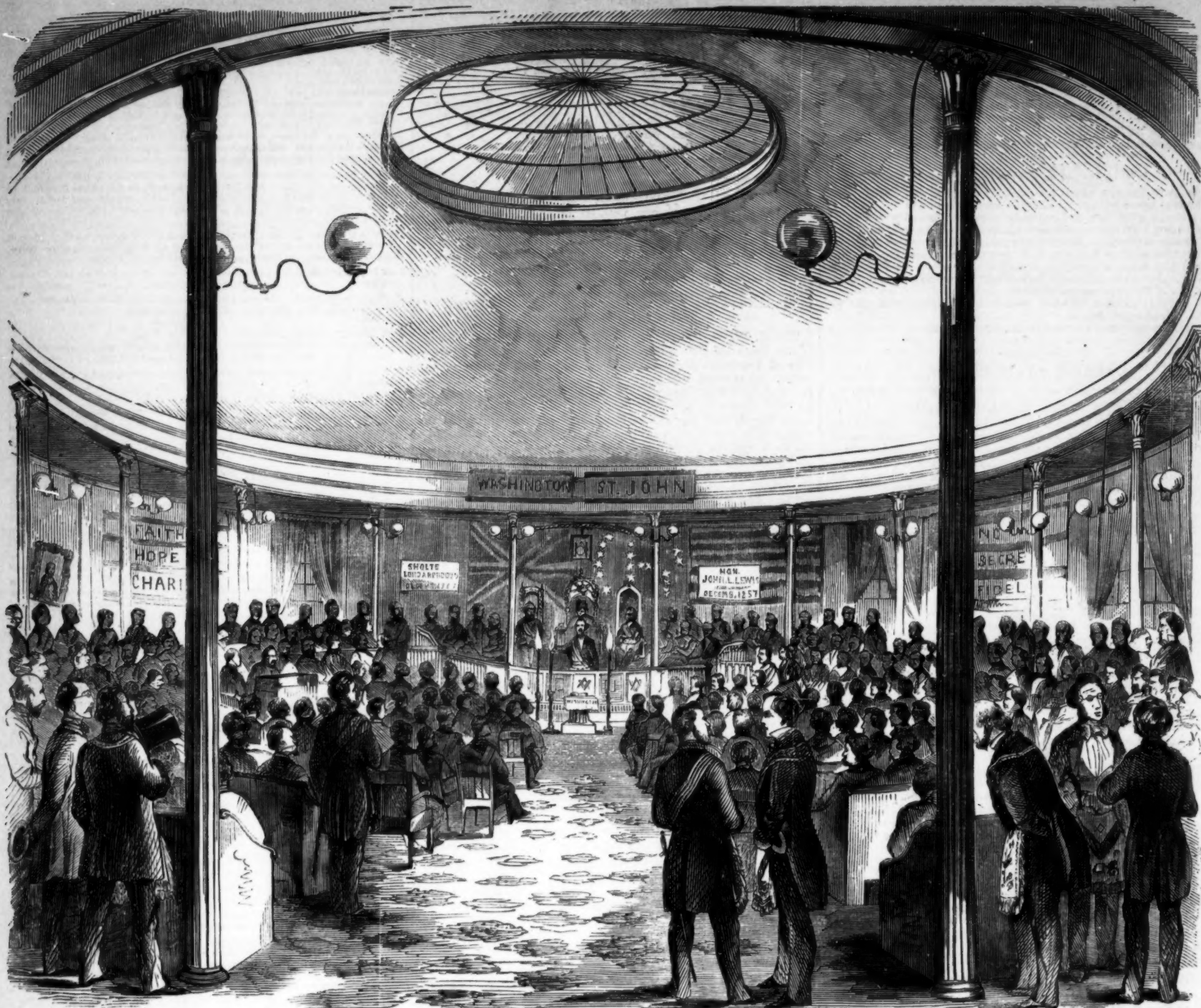


GAME CVI.—(MUNDO GAMBIT).—Lively skirmish lately played between "AR-
KANSAS" and an amateur of Jacksonville.

WHITE. Arkansas.	BLACK. Amateur.	WHITE. Arkansas.	BLACK. Amateur.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	12 Q to Q Kt P	R to Q Kt
2 P to K 4	P to K 4	13 Q to Q Kt	B to K R 6
3 K Kt to B 3	P to K Kt 4	14 K to Q B P (ch)	K to Q
4 K B to Q B 4	P to K Kt 5	15 Kt to K 6 (ch)	P to K 2
5 Castles	P to Kt	16 Q to Q P (ch)	K to K
6 Q to P	K B to K R 3	17 Q to R (ch)	K to K B 2
7 P to Q 4	Q to K Kt 4	18 Q B to B dis (ch)	K Kt to K B 3
8 Q Kt to B 3	P to Q 3	19 Q to Q B 7 (ch)	K to K
9 Q Kt to Q 5	Q to K Kt 5	20 B to Q B 5 (ch)	K to Q 2
10 Q to Q Kt 3	Q Kt to R 3	21 Q to Q Kt mate.	
11 Q B to P	Q to K Kt 3		

J. A. P.'S SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CVI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 E to Q B 3 (ch)	K to Q 5
2 Q to K 5 (ch)	K to Q 5
3 R to Q B 8 disc. (ch)	K to K B 4
4 R to R (ch)	B to R
5 B to K 7 (ch)	R to R
6 B to K R 7 (ch)	R to R mate.



THE GRAND LODGE ROOM OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, DURING THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF ST. JOHN'S LODGE NO. 1. SEE PAGE 43.

HON. JAMES L. ORR, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

COL. ORR has been for many years a leading politician in South Carolina, and although identified with the "fire-eating State," he has ever maintained a national position, and is one of the most gentlemanly and reliable men in the House. While the exciting contest for Speaker, which resulted in the election of Mr. Banks, was going on, Mr. Orr was the prominent candidate of the democratic party, and nothing but the most extraordinary circumstances kept him from being elected. Like most southern public men, he is a good speaker, and secures the closest attention from all within the sound of his voice. Col. Orr is now in the prime of life, and of good personal appearance. It is probable that he will preside over what may be termed a stormy session.

The "Kansas Snarl" is well calculated to awaken the bitterest passions and call forth sectional hostility. Upon Col. Orr will rest a fearful responsibility. We do not believe he will fail to meet the requirements of his place with firmness, and judging from his antecedents, he will be an impartial presiding officer.

M. W. WM. H. MILNOR, P. G. M., 32D, NEW YORK.

THIS Brother, distinguished not only for his amiability of character but Masonic attainments, was born in Philadelphia, April 26th, 1807, and was the oldest son of the late Rev. Dr. Milnor, and removed with his father to New York at about nine years of age. He graduated at Columbia College, and was subsequently a pupil with Dr. Alexander H. Stevens, with whom he studied medicine at the Medical College in Barclay street, and practised as a physician in Philadelphia, Richmond, Va., and New York. He was initiated into Masonry in 1846, in the Lodge of Strict Observance No. 94, but subsequently withdrew from that lodge to resuscitate Holland Lodge No. 8, of which in 1849 he was Master. In June of the latter year he was elected D. G. Master of the Grand Lodge of this State, and the June following, 1850, was elected Grand Master, to which office he was unanimously re-elected in 1851, but from illness in his family, which required change of climate, was compelled to decline the honor. He had the good fortune in December, 1850, during his G. Mastership, to be the medium of welcoming the St. John's Grand Lodge into the great Fraternity of the State, and presided on the occasion of the Union at Metropolitan Hall. Since his return to New York he has been an active member of the Fraternity, and from a host of others was selected to be the orator on the occasion of the Centennial of St. John's Lodge No. 1, the first anniversary of the kind ever held in the State of New York.

M. COMONFORT, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO.

WHEN General Santa Anna left Mexico under the escort of American soldiers, the head of the government was invested in different persons for temporary purposes, until Comonfort was elected President under the "New Constitution," and took his seat the 5th of February, 1856. From his first acts much was expected. He, however, raised the church in opposition to him by selling ecclesiastical property, and probably his subsequent difficulties have grown out of this "sacralidge." It is supposed that on every arrival from Mexico, the news will come that he has been deposed. The Mexicans are incapable of self-government, and the whole country is fast becoming the centre of anarchy and bloodshed. It is probable that unless it is taken possession of by some outside nation, that it will soon degenerate into a barbarism even worse than when Cortez discovered it. The intelligent members of the Mexican Congress seem to feel this, and are willing to give up the experiment of letting the people

govern themselves, voting in favor of investing the executive with despotic power. The rich on the haciendas and in towns and villages, who have heretofore been too willing to give aid and countenance to revolutionary leaders, have now fully learned that their generosity is a protection to them from the excesses of unprincipled men. They have abundant proof in their pillaged houses and lands, in their money stolen, in their credits destroyed, and in the ruin of their business, that it is fully time to discourage the principle of revolution. They are forced to be friends of the existing government. Ruin has rarely fallen on those who have not by direct or indirect means promoted revolutions; and they must now be fully convinced that all hopes of recovering their losses rests with the success of a permanent government.

It is believed, however, by those who profess to be acquainted with the affairs of the country, that Comonfort is not the



HON. J. L. ORR, OF S. C., SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.



M. W. WM. H. MILNOR, P. G. M. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

man for the crisis. An intelligent writer says: "The re-action, so often subdued and so often forgiven, has now assumed proportions dangerous to the stability of the government. The defeat at Platanillo and the death of General Gonzales have proved the signal for this deplorable change in the position of parties. The fallacious, vacillating and feeble policy of Comonfort has finally borne its fruits. Not a single one of those revolutionary chiefs who now threaten him but has been three or four times in his power. They have been emboldened by impunity; they have exhausted the resources of the government by perpetual agitation, and they are now almost in a condition to dictate their own terms. The press will keep you advised of the audacious robberies and spoliations perpetrated by these men. It is no longer a political struggle, but an organized system of brigandage and plunder. Property and individual security are alike in danger; and this is the result of Comonfort's misjudged clemency.

"M. Comonfort is a kind-hearted and amiable man in private life, but these qualities are worse than useless in a government which should employ every possible means for the regeneration of a disorganized people. He lacks sternness and energy, and is wholly unfitted for a position which demands of him a display of untiring rigor and determination. Even his newly awakened severity is limited to the exile of twenty-three prisoners, who have been thrice guilty of plots and conspiracies. Nor does any one believe that this rigor will be of long duration. The real severity displayed by Alatriza, on the occasion of the late outbreak at Puebla, has been tacitly, if not openly, disapproved by the government. In short, the weakness of the administration is palpable in every movement and action. Not only does its pale and timid policy encourage the malcontents, but it destroys the confidence of the capitalists, and this aggravates the danger of the position."

The foundation of the largest cotton factory in the world has just been laid in Russia, on the island of Cronholm, in the River Narova, between its two cataracts. It is in form of a grand square, and will possess 1,375 windows, 20,000 gas-burners, and will occupy 3,000 workmen.

LEONIE;

OR,

THE GAMESTER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER IV.

THE sacristan, whose duty it was to close the doors of the cathedral every evening, on going his rounds to see that all was safe, and that



LEONIE LISTENING TO THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN HER FATHER AND THE ITALIAN.

no one was likely to be locked up in it, found Eugene leaning against the iron gate of the Lady Chapel. His head, in falling, had struck the corner of a stone step, and he was still so dizzy and confused that he could scarcely remember what had happened. The compassionate sacristan fetched a chair, and some water for him to drink. As recollection returned to him, such an expression of anguish and despair passed over his features, that the old man, who had so charitably assisted him, was quite alarmed. At last he was so far himself again as to allow him to help him to leave the church, and to enter his house close by. There the sacristan confided him to the care of his wife, whilst he went to fetch a cab.

Eugene, who had succeeded in putting a restraint on his feelings, gave some confused account of his state, while the old woman made out for herself, filling up the gaps and suggesting ideas, so that, at last, she perfectly understood that it was a cruel accident which had happened to the good, handsome young gentleman, whose foot had slipped as he went into the chapel to offer up his devotions. Notwithstanding her kindness Eugene was very glad when her husband returned with the cab. Her volubility was too much for him in his present state; he longed to be at home, to be alone with his own thoughts. Surely something might be done to avert the cruel determination of his uncle to separate him from Leonie.

After thanking the kind sacristan and his wife, and slipping into the hand of the latter a testimony of his gratitude, which made the old lady drop one of her best curtsies, whilst her eyes sparkled almost as brightly as the gold ear-rings, trembling in the light of the candle burning on the table, Eugene got into the cab, and was driven home. He did not sleep much that night, but spent it in thinking of all Leonie had told him, and resolved to see his uncle in the morning—to offer him all the help he could. He was amazed to think that his uncle should separate them for such reasons, when the simplest plan seemed to him to be their immediate union, so as to give Eugene the power of disposing of Leonie's fortune.

Impatient to have an interview with his uncle, Eugene rose early. He had scarcely rung the bell to have his almost untouched coffee



M. COMONFORT, PRESIDENT OF THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC.

removed, when his servant entered, ushering in a lady. Eugene advanced eagerly towards her, as, lifting her veil, she disclosed to him the features of his aunt, but so pale, so disturbed, so full of anguish, that he felt a sudden compression of his heart. His hope of succeeding with his uncle died away within him as he gazed on her eyes, swollen with weeping, and her cheeks seared with tears. Her appearance, too, in his lodgings at such an unusual hour boded no good.

"Oh, my dear, dear aunt! what new misfortune has happened to bring you out so early?" said Eugene. "Where is Leonie?" A mortal anguish choked his further utterance, as if the name of her he so fondly loved gave a sharp pang to his heart.

"Leonie did not come back to the house, my son," said the poor mother, whom Eugene now led to the arm-chair out of which he had risen to receive her, "neither did her father. Oh! it has been a terrible night to us all. Leonie passed it in the convent. I do not know where your uncle passed it, but he did not return to the Quai d'Orsay. It was the coachman who told Françoise that he had driven from Notre Dame to the convent, and that your uncle came out of it without Leonie, and told him to drive home, that he was going to see a friend."

"In the convent already!" exclaimed Eugene. "Oh! my Leonie! Oh! my dear, dear aunt! Does he really mean to separate us for ever? But it cannot, must not be! What convent has he put her in? Oh! I will see her—I will go to her now."

"My dear Eugene, do nothing rashly, I entreat of you. Do not further incense your uncle. I cannot think why he is so angry with you; he goes into a violent fury when he hears your name. You must not let him see you."

"Oh, but I must see him, dear aunt—I am going to see him now. I mean to tell him that I am quite willing to give him every security; that the moment Leonie and I are married I will give him the whole of her fortune, which will then be mine. Surely these terms will be better than any he can get from a money-lender. He will only be too glad to accept them."

"Ah, my child," replied his aunt, shaking her head, "I do not know what has come to your uncle—he seems exactly like one possessed. He will not listen to anything you say. I fear too much that he will never consent to your marrying Leonie on any terms."

"But why, dear aunt? how do you know? what makes you think so? Surely your fears magnify the evil, which is already great enough, Heaven knows!"

"I know it too well, from what he said last night," replied his aunt. "When he came in and found Leonie was gone, his fury knew no bounds. He reproached me cruelly; and, when I would not tell him where Leonie was gone, he—and the unhappy mother covered her face with her hands, and burst into fresh tears."

"Oh, dear, dear aunt!" cried Eugene, flinging himself on his knees beside her, "say he did not strike you—you, his wife!"

A fresh burst of agony was her only reply. Eugene struck his forehead as he uttered an exclamation of horror and indignation; then putting his arms round his aunt's waist, he drew her towards him till her head lay on his shoulder, where she still wept as if her heart would break, Eugene vainly trying to soothe her.

At last she became a little more composed, and then said to him, "I know, dear Eugene, that he is more inveterate against you now

than ever. He swore by all that was sacred that if Leonie had told you one word of what had passed between them in the morning, you should never see her again—should certainly never marry her; that he would rather kill her with his own hands. His imprecations were horrible to hear! Oh, I hope that Leonie can swear that she did not tell you the reasons for which her father insisted on your separation!"

"Indeed, dear aunt, she told me all," said Eugene. "Was it not right that I should know why she was taken away from me? Surely there ought to be some powerful reason given to me to justify such a breach of faith?"

"Oh, Eugene, Eugene, he will never forgive you the knowledge you have of the way in which he has tampered with your property—the disgraceful abuse he has made of his power as your guardian."

"It is not that which is most to be condemned in his conduct, dear aunt. He would not dread my knowing that so much as the climax of infamy to which he has arrived."

"Oh, merciful Heaven! Eugene, what do you mean? Can he have done worse than that? What is it? What can it possibly be? For Heaven's sake tell me?"

"Do you not know?" said Eugene, pressing his aunt still closer to his heart. "Has he not told you all—the peril in which he stands?"

"Peril!" she exclaimed. "What peril? Oh, Eugene, speak!"

Eugene saw too late that his uncle had hid his greatest crime from his wife. In vain he tried to elude giving her an answer, which she implored with tears and cries of earnest entreaty.

When the fatal word, "forger," escaped Eugene's lips, his aunt's agony burst forth into a wild cry of despair and horror. She started from her seat, and clasping her hands raised to Heaven, she called upon her husband, in terms of the most heartrending anguish.

"Oh, Henry! Henry!" she exclaimed. "My husband! my loved one! My first—my last! Is it possible? It is false, it is false!" she suddenly cried out.

"Henry never could commit such a crime—he may be stern and cruel, but he is the soul of honor. You believe him! He has taken Leonie from you—you hate him! you believe him!" and she pushed Eugene violently away, who again strove to put his arms round her. She struggled for some time, screaming violently all the while in strong hysterics, and then fell into his arms in a dead faint.

Eugene rang the bell, to which he was fortunately near. When he and his servant had succeeded in laying her on the sofa, he dispatched the latter in all haste, first for the wife of the concierge of the hotel in which he had his rooms, and next for Françoise, his aunt's maid. She soon arrived, and by their joint efforts Madame de Penthievre was so far recovered as to be able to return home in a cab; but a stupor seemed to have seized her, for she neither spoke nor gave utterance to a sound of any sort. Eugene carried her himself up to her own room; he did not care if his uncle were in the house; he meant to see him, and after what he had heard he thought his best chance of being able to speak to him was meeting him unaware.

But his uncle was not there, nor did he return all that day, which Eugene spent there watching by his aunt's pillow, on which she lay in the same state of insensibility. It was whilst in her room that Eugene learnt from Françoise how it was that his uncle had followed so closely on Leonie's footsteps. Whilst he was making vain inquiries of every one as to where she had gone, the groom came in and said he had just met Madame Françoise near Notre Dame, with a lady in a black cloak and veil whom he thought was Mademoiselle Leonie. That his uncle instantly ordered out the carriage, and arriving in violent haste at the cathedral, entered it, and caught sight of her where she stood watching between the pillars to the right. As soon as she saw him she had run round the aisle to give them notice, but he ran after her, overtook and flung her on one side, and so came upon Leonie and her cousin in that unexpected manner. That when he had put Leonie in the carriage, he entered it with her, and ordered the coachman to drive to the Convent of the Annonciades in the Champs Elysées. He then sent back the carriage and did not return himself all night, nor was he now returned.

Eugene waited for him in vain. Towards night his aunt seemed to awake from her stupor, but it was only to give vent to the wild ravings of delirium. Eugene could not leave in that state, for she said such things that it was impossible to allow any one in the room with her but Françoise, who believed that grief had turned her brain. The family physician also spent the night with him, watching and trying to alleviate with all the means at his disposal the raging fever which seemed to consume her. Towards morning she seemed a little quieter, and the doctor, drawing Eugene aside, told him that as soon as it was possible to present one's self at the convent, Leonie had better be fetched; he did not know how rapidly her mother might sink when the fever left her. Eugene had been obliged to make some half-confidences to the doctor, to account for Leonie's absence and his aunt's sudden illness; and it was the knowledge that mental grief was the cause of it which made him fear the consequences for her.

"But you had better go to the convent yourself, my dear sir," said Eugene to the physician; "I shall not be admitted, whereas you, as their doctor, will have no difficulty, and certainly Leonie will not be allowed to come out on my representations. Besides, you could so much better explain to the superior my poor aunt's condition, and the necessity for her daughter's presence."

"No, my young friend, you must go yourself," said the doctor. "Ask some lady among your friends to accompany you. I really do not like to leave my patient for a moment: you cannot be gone very long. I will write a certificate of her mother's state, and if your uncle comes in during your absence, I will tell him you have something of importance to communicate to him."

So Eugene went off for Leonie, his heart throbbing with the hope of recovering her, and the dread of not being able to prevail on the



LEONIE TORN FROM HER MOTHER'S DEATHBED BY HER FATHER.

superior to let her come out without an order from her father. He had no difficulty in persuading a lady, a great friend of his mother's, to accompany him to the convent, where they were very courteously received by the superior herself in the parlor. He did not see Leonie, however, although the moment he had told his errand and produced the physician's note the superior said she should go directly, and begged Eugene's friend to take her in her carriage, which that lady not only gladly acquiesced in, but also said she would accompany her herself to her father's house. Eugene was sent on before to tell the doctor the success of his mission, and also, if his aunt had recovered consciousness, to prepare her for Leonie's coming.

But during his absence his uncle had returned to the house, and met Eugene just as he reached the landing on which his aunt's room was situated. M. de Penthièvre was furious at the sight of a nephew for whom he seemed to entertain a mortal hatred. He gave utterance to a volley of execrations, and drowned all Eugene tried to say to him in repeated commands to leave the house.

Eugene saw that it was not the moment to try and bring his uncle to listen to reason of any sort, or any proposal, and not wishing to exasperate him any further, as well as for his aunt's sake, who must hear the noise so close to her room, he obliged him, and left the house. He lingered a long time in the street, expecting every minute to see the carriage which bore Leonie to her mother, but in vain; so he went to the house of the friend with whom he had been to the convent, and there he learned that Leonie had stopped the carriage at the end of the Pont de la Concorde, and getting out, walked as far as the wall of the garden, and entered by the small side door, of which she still had the key, and was now with her mother.

It was well that she had entered in that manner. Her father had followed Eugene to the door of the house, to make certain he had left it, and had Leonie come that way she would infallibly have met him, and a scene would have ensued which it was well to avoid. She reached her mother's room in safety, and soon after heard that her father had again left the house, without even seeking to see his wife, although he knew she was very ill; not even suspecting that Leonie was anywhere else but in the convent where he had placed her.

The fever which had seized Madame de Penthièvre abated; and when she recovered her consciousness she seemed so overjoyed to find her daughter beside her, and became so quiet, that the doctor began to be quite hopeful about her, though she still remained very weak, and seemingly exhausted.

Whilst Leonie watched beside her mother, Eugene was making desperate attempts to obtain an interview with his uncle. When he found this was impossible he wrote to him, but his letters were returned to him unopened. His uncle would not listen to any communication from him, and Eugene was in despair at the failure of all his efforts to get him to listen to his plan, which he felt sure he would enter into as soon as he saw the greater advantages it offered to him. But Eugene did not know that what his aunt had told him was perfectly true. His uncle hated Eugene still more, because after his interview with Leonie in the cathedral he felt he was aware of the whole extent of his crime.

Two days passed in fruitless endeavors on the part of Eugene to see his uncle or to speak to Leonie. Though he returned several times to the hotel on the Quai d'Orsay, he never could obtain admittance. His uncle's orders had been so strict that the servants dared not disobey them. At last he succeeded in seeing Françoise at the porter's room, just as she was coming out. She had a letter for him from Leonie, begging him to try and make some arrangement to come and see his aunt, she was so very ill, and Leonie wanted to consult with him what was best to be done. Though her father had been in the house twice since he had expelled Eugene from it, she had not seen him—he had never entered his wife's apartment.

"Do not stay here, for Heaven's sake, Monsieur Eugene!" said Françoise. "Suppose monsieur should return just now, we should be all lost!"

"Then come in half an hour to my rooms," said Eugene; "see Leonie first, and tell her whatever you will arrange I will do." It was about ten o'clock that same evening. It was sultry, and very dark, as if heavy thunder clouds overcast the earth. Françoise had gone to tell Eugene that as his uncle had been in during the course of the evening, and was gone out again, they thought it was not likely he would return that night. It was so dark, too, that they thought it might be as well to execute the plan for his entrance into the house that night, instead of putting it off till the next.

Leonie sat beside her mother's bed, her heart throbbing with anxiety. Her mother was much weaker that evening, and her breathing was scarcely perceptible; whilst Leonie's heart beat so fast and so loud, that its pulsations were distinctly audible in the deathlike stillness of the dark, sultry night. She was quite alone with her mother, who, in her present state, might almost have been counted as dead, so perfectly unconscious did she appear to be of anything passing around her. For the first time since her illness the doctor had gone home for a few hours; he was to return before midnight; and Françoise was still absent on her errand to Eugene. Leonie listened attentively to every sound that came to her ears. Long, low peals of thunder mingled with the faint hollow murmur of the noise and tumult of the swarming city around her, which at that distance from the street resembled more the hum one hears who listens on a warm summer night beside a beehive, as if its wakeful inmates were still industriously finishing up the work of the day, or preparing for that of the next.

Suddenly Leonie heard a noise as of a door opening, then quick footsteps; could it be Eugene? She hurried to the door and listened. Her heart sank within her with dismay and terror, for she recognized the steps. They were not those of Eugene, and before she could regain her place by her mother's bed the door was violently opened, and her father rushed into the room.

He stopped mute with surprise to see Leonie there, whom he had left in the convent, then advancing sternly towards her, he seized her by the shoulder.

"What brought you here?" he said. "How dare you leave the convent where I had placed you?"

"My mother was very ill and dying," said Leonie, who, though terrified lest Eugene should come in, was still undaunted. "Surely, my father, you would not have had me know it and not obey the message which summoned me to her bedside."

"Ill, ill, dying!" sneered her father; "a well-acted comedy to try and defeat my schemes! But come, I won't quarrel with your being here, since it saves me the trouble of going to fetch you at the convent. Prepare instantly to fly with me."

"Fly! oh, where?" asked Leonie.

"You will know as soon as I know myself," he replied. "At present I know nothing except that flight, immediate flight, is imperative to save me from arrest. Curses on him! he told me that bill was safe for another fortnight, and I might have retrieved my fortune in that time. Come, lose no time, quick, your cloak, your bonnet—they are close on my track, I tell you! If it had not been for this delay, I should have been here now far from the house."

"Oh! my father—who are on your track?" exclaimed Leonie; "tell me, what do you dread? Must I go with you?—must I leave my mother here to die alone?"

"Die! she won't die!" replied her father. "But I shall die in a prison if we have any more of this. I have no time to lose. Madame," he said, addressing his wife, who roused by the noise he made, now sat up in her bed looking wildly around her, "where are your keys? I want your jewels and whatever money you have in the house. It is for that I came here, or I should not have broken on your solitude, which I have hitherto respected, I promise you," he added, with another sneer.

Though she had raised herself up in her bed, nerved with the energy of terror that the excited and furious state of her husband inspired her with, her fear was so great that she could not answer his imperious demand for her keys. Impatient at her silence he shook her by the arm, till Leonie screamed in horror.

"Oh, father, father, here are the keys!" said Leonie, seizing them where they lay on the dressing-table in the next room. "Oh, you will kill my poor mother!"

He snatched the keys from her hand, and entering the dressing-room, opened with them a drawer in his wife's escritoire. He quickly pulled out her jewel-cases, filled his pockets with their contents, took some money which he found there, stuffing it into his waistcoat pocket, and returning to the bed-room, where Leonie leaned over her mother, he said, "Are you ready?"

"Oh! father," replied the terrified girl, "have mercy! leave me

with my mother! See, she is dying," she continued, as she still hung over her mother, who had fallen back on her pillow.

Her father flung over her shoulder the cloak which she had worn in the cathedral, and with which she had returned from the convent, snatched up her bonnet and veil, and when Leonie still clung to her mother's bed, he exclaimed furiously, "Do you wish then to be my ruin? Hark!" he said, "they are already at the gates! Come—this instant. Do you think I am going to leave you here to marry Eugene when I am gone?—to triumph in my flight, which leaves you free to do so? Besides, whilst you are with me I remain master of your fortune."

"Oh, Eugene! Eugene!" screamed the distracted girl, "save me! save me!" and she who but just now dreaded lest he should come in whilst her father was there, now called upon him with the frantic accents of despair.

"By Heavens! this is too much!" said her father, snatching her up in his arms and bearing her out.

"Oh, put me down, father!" exclaimed Leonie. "I will go with you, if you will but let me walk."

Replacing her on her feet, he seized her by the hand, and descending the stairs crossed the drawing-room quickly, and going out into the garden, disappeared with her into the street, his steps quickened by the noise of confused voices in the court, as if his servants were disputing the entrance of the police.

Five minutes after he had left it the police were in his wife's room. The confusion in it and the adjoining dressing-room, the open and ransacked drawers, all told its own tale; and just as they had left it and had gone down stairs to begin a hot pursuit of the fugitive, Eugene entered it from the garden, breathless, to find it quite deserted—Leonie gone, his aunt left all alone, and lying dead upon her pillow!

CHAPTER V.

M. DE PENTHIEVRE continued to drag Leonie alone. Terrified with what she had seen and heard—terrified with the thoughts of all that might be before her—her heart wrung with bitter anguish to think of her mother, perhaps even then dead, left lying there all alone, and feeling that at every step she was hurried far from Eugene, whom she felt to be now her only protector—she could scarcely support herself.

The streets through which her father hurried her were quite unfamiliar to her. At first it was so dark she could distinguish nothing, but soon her eyes began to perceive how narrow they were—how tall, how dilapidated the houses on each side. Occasionally a sharp gleam of lightning revealed their entire form, and then again all was dark; but she had seen enough to know that she was now traversing these streets for the first time in her life. Every time it lightened an imprecation escaped her father's lips, especially if at that moment he saw that they were not alone in the streets. These were very unfrequented, or else the coming storm, or the lateness of the hour (eleven o'clock was now striking from some neighboring church), had caused the inhabitants of those black houses to retire into them for the night.

At last they came upon what she knew as a boulevard. Though her father had not spoken a word to her since he had dragged her from the house, his impatient hand had more than once admonished her to quicken her steps. By degrees she regained courage; she knew her father's life perhaps depended upon his not being overtaken, and as she felt herself now completely taken away from him on whom she would now alone depend for help, she braced herself to meet whatever should come next. Her tread became firmer, and as they crossed the boulevard and cleared the faubourg, she walked beside her father with a step as swift and more unflinching than his own.

It was well that Leonie had been able to recover the resources of her mind, scattered as they had been by the fearful event of the evening. As they left the houses behind them and emerged into the country large drops of rain began to fall heavily. The storm which had been threatening all the evening had given token of its nearer approach by louder and more frequent peals of thunder, which, even as they passed them, had shaken the old black houses in the narrow streets. Now it pealed louder and louder, and before they had proceeded a couple of miles beyond the faubourg the rain descended in torrents. The wind rose and seemed determined to oppose the onward flight of the fugitives. The lightning blinded Leonie, who, after vain efforts to keep up with her father, sank quite exhausted at the foot of a tree. Nothing however seemed to move him from his purpose; he took her up in his arms and carried her forwards for about another quarter of a mile, occasionally resting to recover his breath which the wind, in its violence, took away from him.

At last they came to a small wood, at the corner of which stood a post-chaise and two horses. Into this her father lifted Leonie, and, getting in himself, they drove off rapidly in the same direction which they had been following. It was impossible for Leonie to tell where she was. It was very dark outside, and though the fury of the storm was passed, the rain and the wind still continued, and occasional lightning showed her only the same succession of trees, roads and open fields.

Shrinking back in the carriage, Leonie endeavored to recollect all that had passed. Though drenched with the rain and shivering with cold, no word of complaint escaped her lips. Soon she perceived glimmering lights in the distance, and shortly afterwards she saw they were approaching a town. This, however, they did not enter; but skirting round it, stopped before a large building, which Leonie soon recognized as the station of a railway. Her father, getting out, paid the driver liberally, and taking Leonie by the hand they both entered the door, which, after some delay, was now opened to them. The sleepy individual who ushered them in did not seem to notice the storm-beaten state of the travellers, but showed them at once into a waiting-room, where the fire being stirred blazed up, diffusing a warmth very comfortable to both. Here her father assisted Leonie in re-arranging her dress, drying her cloak, and putting up her hair under her bonnet, so that by the time the night porter, aroused from his chair by the fire in the station-room, came to tell them that the train which had just arrived was from Paris, her toilette was so re-arranged that no one could have guessed from its appearance that she had walked some miles that night, and had been drenched in a thunderstorm.

M. de Penthièvre showed his passport and papers when required, and all being in due form, they got into the train, which again rushed forward into the dark night, leaving behind it a long train of white steam cloud. On they rushed all night, occasionally stopping. Leonie supposed it was the mail train, as they seemed to take up leather bags closed with large padlocks, and only now and then a stray passenger.

They remained alone in their carriage all night, a solitude her father employed in putting up into small packets the jewels which he drew out of his pockets, and then depositing them more securely in the breast-pocket of the under-coat which he wore. Leonie could not help fancying that everything had been prepared for their flight, for, besides the postchaise waiting for them at the corner of the wood, two trunks had been brought from it, and taken inside the waiting-room, and were now in the luggage van attached to their train.

When morning broke they still flew onwards; and Leonie saw by the change in the face of the country, which she did not in the least recognise, that they must be many a long mile from Paris.

Now they seemed to be traversing a forest or a thick wood; now the train flew along a low line of rail through a wide, flat, open country, extending as far as the eye could reach. Now they left on each side of them large towns; some with the lofty spires or the heavy square towers of a cathedral rising above the houses, or fenced in with ancient fortifications, in whose deep green moats waved acres of the white acacia, whose snowy blossoms shed far round a perfume as penetrating and as delicate as that of the orange flower.

They could not be travelling north, for now large tracts of vineyards, beautifully dressed, and in full leaf, were to be seen on every side, and soon to the left appeared, in the far distance, what Leonie thought must be a range of mountains covered with snow. Whenever they approached a station her father not only made her pull down her thick veil, but also draw down the window blinds, so that she had not a chance of reading the name of the station when they drew near it. She did not care to ask him; indeed, after his unfeeling conduct to her dying mother, he inspired her with an invincible repugnance; she even shuddered whenever he spoke to her, which, however, was only rarely. Once a traveller got in beside them. Her father was asleep, or pretended to be, and lay back with his travelling cap pulled over his face.

As Leonie did not raise her veil the stranger made no attempt to

speak to her, nor did she even pull up the blinds which were down when he got in, as the sun was now full upon the windows on that side. Out of the other window, however, she watched the change of the landscape. Now rugged chalk or gravel cliffs seemed to overhang the line; now they were buried in deep cuttings, flew over bridges spanning swift sparkling rivers, over viaducts crossing roads, or ran screaming through dark tunnels. After passing two or three stations their fellow-traveller got out, and M. de Penthièvre pulled up the blinds on that side, as soon as they were again in motion. He looked out eagerly from that window. At last he gave an exclamation of relief, and drawing back Leonie caught the view of a very large town, over which loomed a thick haze of black smoke, and tall factory chimneys were to be seen everywhere, thicker than the spires of the churches. Then it flashed upon her mind that this was Lyons. Yes, their course had been southward; where—where would it end?

Leonie was not long kept in suspense. The train stopped, and her father getting out helped her to descend. He then hurried her across to the refreshment-room, where he made her lie down on a sofa, and brought her some tea, which she was glad to drink to moisten her parched throat. At the end of about half an hour her father again rose, and stepping into a train which had just drawn up, they continued their flight still southwards, for they left Lyons behind them, and the sun was still on the same side of the window as when they arrived.

Leonie could not understand why the train by which they had arrived had been allowed to go on its way without them. She observed that the train they were now in went faster, and did not stop so frequently. It must be the express train; if so it must have left Paris early that morning. Was it not rash of her father to have run such a risk?—perhaps even now those in pursuit of him were travelling by this same train. Did her father think by the very boldness of this plan to defeat his pursuers, who, thinking him in the train which had brought them, now rushed after it, unconscious that he was so near?

It was about noon when they arrived at Lyons—it was about one when they started again; and still their course was southward. Her heart smote her; they were going to Marseilles; her father would embark there, and go on to Italy. Oh, what a distance between her and her mother!—if she were still alive—between her and Eugene! Would it be possible for him ever to see her again? She knew that even now he was seeking her everywhere, and that thought supported her sinking heart, for she knew now that she could no longer trust in her father's love. This was indeed worse than the convent, for there she was safe from harm; but now her thoughts were too horrible to bear, and again she looked at the country flying from their train on both sides, seeking to divert her thoughts from preying upon themselves.

It might have been half-past nine or ten that night, when the train again stopping, M. de Penthièvre got out of the carriage, and, taking Leonie by the hand, left the station, and went with her into the town, which was close to it. Going to an inn, he inquired if a post-chaise and horses were ready to take them on. These came round so soon that Leonie again fancied they must have been waiting for them, for she had scarcely time to drink the coffee which her father insisted on her taking, when the chaise was announced, and they were again flying along the road. Leonie could not make out where she was going, and waited impatiently for daybreak, to see, if possible, in what direction they were now travelling.

When the sun rose, in all the splendor of a May morning, far to the left, she knew that they were still travelling southward. All at once she raised her eyes as they were descending a hill, and there before her was the sea, the brilliant sea, reflecting back the bright rays of the sun, now shining full upon it—yes, there was no doubt of it, it was the Mediterranean! and there below them lay Marseilles, with its forests of masts bristling on its sea front, and sending it in like a gigantic hedge. In another half hour they were entering it, and soon afterwards they alighted before an hotel. Her father asked for a bed-room, and recommending Leonie to go to bed and get some sleep, as she had still a long journey before her, he left her at the door of her room and went out into the town.

It was quite noon before her father came to fetch Leonie for breakfast, which was served in a sitting-room belonging to the apartments they occupied. He then told her that they should not go any further. On going down to the steam-packet office to engage places on board one of the steamers, he had met a friend whom he had known in Paris, and he thought after what he had said to him that he would remain there, or at any rate for the present.

"But my father," said Leonie, terrified, "if he knows you, will he not—" and she stopped, not knowing how to proceed. Fear lest her father should be overtaken and arrested as a forger, made her tremble, and feel anxious to continue a flight which she had but a short time ago looked on with so much dread. Her father saw it in her frightened look, her trembling hands.

"Oh, do not be afraid of that," he said; "this gentleman is a very great friend of mine, and one who has too many good reasons for not giving me bad advice."

Leonie looked at her father—there was something in his eye, faltering before hers, which smote her to the heart. Alas, what companions would her father not be linked with now!

"I shall return to dinner," he said, hastily; "meanwhile you must not leave the hotel, if you value my safety," he added, significantly; "but, indeed, you will find it difficult to do so."

When her father was gone, Leonie sat down and tried to think what was best to be done. Her first impulse was to write to Eugene, to let him know where she was. But would not that be to give her father up to justice! Oh, no; Eugene would screen him. She was certain that it was more to her father's interest that he should come to them and see what was to be done. There were no writing materials in the room; and if she did write, how was she to post the letter after it was written? Chance might favor her; perhaps she might get some one to do it for her. She would see when it was written. She rang the bell, and a waiter appearing, she ordered him to bring pens, ink and paper. He soon returned with them, and Leonie, once more left alone, took them into her bed-room, locked herself in, and sitting down wrote a few hasty lines to Eugene. She told him where they were, and that they were to remain there a few days; to come without delay, and to be very careful that her father came to no harm.

To post this was the next difficulty. Putting on her cloak and bonnet, she went into the sitting-room, and again rang the bell. When the waiter answered it, she asked him if he could get some one to go out with her. She wished to go out, but did not know the town. Whilst he was gone she walked down to the street door of the hotel. There she was respectfully but firmly told that she was not to go out; and on her remonstrating and saying she wished to post a letter, she was told by the porter that he would post it for her. She hesitated, for she was afraid it might betray her father. The porter spoke to her compassionately, and the bystanders said, "Poor girl! What could they mean? How terrified she was! Had her father been discovered and taken? She looked up and saw him coming down the street with another gentleman. Fearful of not having such another opportunity, she put the letter into the porter's hands, and begging him to post it directly, hurried back into her own room. She took off her bonnet and cloak, and was ready to receive her father in the sitting-room when he entered.

Poor Leonie! had she known what the smile on his lips meant as he entered—that her letter to her betrothed lay in his breast coat pocket! Before he went out after breakfast, he had told the master of the hotel that his daughter was afflicted with mania, and he begged him to be so good as to give orders to his servants that she was not to be allowed to go out. He was obliged to go out himself; he must take places for them in the steamer for Genoa. The physicians had recommended the air of Italy for his poor child, and he should go on from thence either to Florence or Milan. It was a very distressing case. Her betrothed had died suddenly just before their marriage, and she had lost her reason ever since. She was always trying to write to him, to run away to him.

(To be continued.)

Last week, as Mr. Mitchell was driving a mail mud wagon the back Calais route, from Beldington to the next stopping-place, twenty miles from Bangor, Me., being without passengers, his team was set by a pack of wolves, about a dozen in number, and fierce and noisy. As they pressed hard upon him, he let go the contents of a rifle, which laid one out of the hungry crew, and for the time checked their pursuit. This was providentially near the stopping-place, upon arriving at which the driver is said to have been pretty well overcome with excitement and fright. Wolves and bears are very plenty on the back route, and very audacious.

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